NATIONAL REVIEW

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October 25, 1958

A JOURNAL OF FACT AND OPINION

The 1958 Elections: Here Goes Nothing

GEORGE MORGENSTERN

The Vacant Throne

E. v. KUEHNELT-LEDDIHN

To Businessmen Who Mean It

AN EDITORIAL

Articles and Reviews by ·····ERNEST VAN DEN HAAG
WILLMOORE KENDALL · PETER CRUMPET · FORREST DAVIS
EDITH K. ROOSEVELT · RUSSELL KIRK · STEPHEN J. TONSOR

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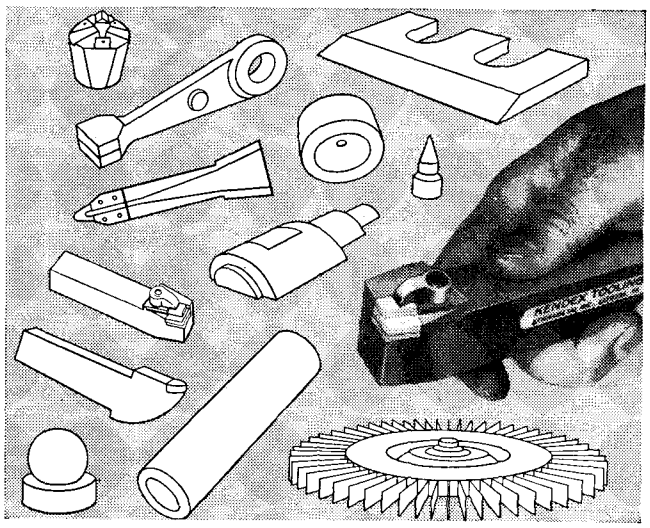

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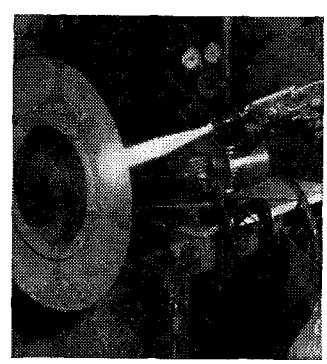

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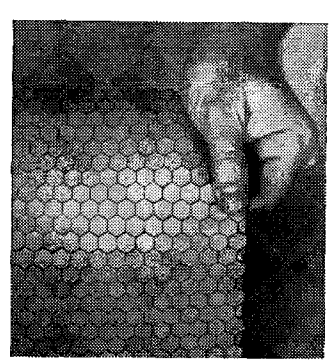

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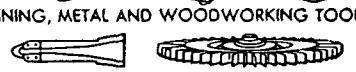

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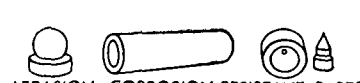

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NATIONAL REVIEW

A JOURNAL OF FACT AND OPINION

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For the Record

Personal feuds within the Republican Party threaten party hopes in New York as well as in California and Indiana. In New York, Rockefeller's supporters are actively downgrading his Senatorial running-mate, conservative Congressman Kenneth Keating, trying to insure that Keating will run a poor second to Rockefeller on the ticket. The reason: It would make the would-be governor look relatively good even if he loses to Harriman. . . . A nationally prominent Republican, shocked at the maneuver, is readying a blast at Rockefeller for tolerating such tactics.

The prestige of American arms is at a new high in the Far East in view of the fabulous success of our Sidewinder missile in the hands of Nationalist Chinese pilots. . . . A telling indictment of Soviet actions in Hungary (Hungary under Soviet Rule, II) which recounts developments there between September 1957 and August 1958, has just been published by the American Friends of the Captive Nations (510 Madison Avenue, New York 22, N.Y., $1.00).

If Republican Congressman Kean wins in his bid for the Senate in November, observers in New Jersey feel it will be because well-known anti-Communist Judge Robert Morris has taken the stump against Kean's ADA-backed opponent, Harrison Williams (Kean defeated Morris in the GOP primary). . . . An estimated $400,000 is being provided by CIO's COPE (Committee on Political Education) in Arizona, toward the defeat of Senator Barry Goldwater. . . . Reports from Alaska indicate it will be one and one in the Senatorial races. The Democrats will send Bartlett to Washington, the Republicans, Stepovich.

Organized anti-Semitism is at a new high behind the Iron Curtain, a campaign apparently undertaken to demonstrate Communism's pro-Arab position and to cement relations with Nasser. . . . Article four in the new French constitution states that all political parties must a) be democratically run and b) owe no allegiance to foreign governments. Its authors hope the National Assembly, which will be elected in November, will use this clause to ban the still powerful French Communist Party. . . . In Venezuela, the Democratic Action Party has nominated as its presidential candidate Romulo Betancourt, a former president, a former Communist, a persistent Marxist.

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The WEEK

● On October 9, the Department of Defense, acting under a White House directive inspired by the State Department, issued an order choking off further statements by military commanders on the "sensitive situation" in the Formosa Strait. The order was a sign that some officials of the State Department wanted to get going on their perennial task of losing by diplomacy what strength and resolution have won. At Peiping's announcement of the Quemoy cease-fire, our commanders in the Pacific had cheerfully laid it on the line. The comment of Lieut. General Laurence Kuter, Air Force Pacific chief, was typical: "The cease-fire was the result of the failure of the announced and boasted Chinese Communist intent to take the offshore islands." Brigadier General Bork, head of our Formosa mission, was just as frank and pleased: "They backed down because they failed to gain their objective. The blockade is permanently broken." The commander of a Nike missile battalion mentioned, very publicly, that his weapons were fitted with nuclear warheads. Such talk, the State Department feared, might so embarrass the Chinese Communists that they would be unwilling to sit down with us and accept our shirt at the negotiating table.

● Vice President Nixon's ringing denunciation of the "defensive, defeatist, fuzzy-headed thinking" which, between 1945 and 1952, lost "all or parts of fourteen nations and over 800 million people to Communism" was a partisan retort to the Democratic Advisory Council's ill-timed attack on the Administration's conduct of foreign affairs. Precisely because of that it is portentous. Stating that the people have "had enough" of "retreat and appeasement," Mr. Nixon reminded them of the 1952 Republican pledge, so long ignored by Administration spokesmen, to seek the liberation of the satellite nations. Is the Administration coming to think that a hard anti-Communist line is due, after so long a lapse, to become not only sound policy, but good politics?

● Lieutenant General Arthur G. Trudeau, chief of Army Research and Development, declared a few weeks ago: "The advanced state of Soviet technology today is due more to Soviet success in espionage and subversion than it is to their scientific apparatus." His reference was not merely to the past exploits of Klaus Fuchs, the Rosenbergs, Morton Sobell, and the other atom spies of the 1940s. In August of this year, Moscow announced that in our most recent Pacific test series we had set off 32 nuclear devices instead of the 14 that we had publicly admitted. The Moscow figure, which was correct ±1, could not have been discovered by any existing method of instrumental detection. Soviet intelligence must have learned it by espionage or by a "leak" (*i.e.*, treachery) —in either case, presumably from a high echelon, since inferior levels would not have known the facts about the full project. It is a relief to know that, at the rate we are removing security barriers from our nuclear affairs, we won't have to worry about this sort of thing much longer.

● Adam Clayton Powell Jr., having frightened New York Democrats out of their skins, is back in the Democratic fold. Last spring the Democratic chieftains decided to humble Powell—not because of his dedicated record of racist demagogy, but as punishment for having come out for Eisenhower in 1956. And so they refused to endorse him for re-election. The Republican Party of Harlem, displaying, we suppose, what Modern Republicans would call flexibility, rushed in to co-opt Powell, a demonstrated vote-getter, by giving him their nomination. Powell accepted the Republican bid but also ran for the Democratic nomination against the machine—and pulverized his opponent. And now, in return for heaven knows what offerings, he has consented to move back into the Democratic Party, and is calling for the election of Mr. Harriman. Incidentally, the Reverend Mr. Powell is due to go to trial one of these days, owing to the failure of the fix (No. 1?) in the investigation of his income tax returns. But perhaps by that time he will have been appointed a justice of the Supreme Court, and can rule his prosecution unconstitutional—under the Fourteenth Amendment, of course.

● California Democrats, we have recently learned, are hard at work on a mischievous program, which they are carrying on covertly, aimed at undermining confidence in Senator Knowland by California *conservatives!* Playing on the doctrinal rigidity and political unrealism of some right-wingers, the Democrats are encouraging them to protest Knowland's "inconstancy" by staying away from the polls. Mr. Knowland is a practical politician; like all practical politicians he has had to compromise, and may sometimes have compromised unwisely. Whenever he voted with Eisenhower, these tempters say, he showed the white feather—and therefore forfeited the support of the simon-pure conservatives. By such reasoning Senator Knowland emerges not as the choice of the venerated Senator Taft—who voted for federal aid to education a year after he had denounced the

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measure—but as a renegade. If the plan works, many California conservatives will sit back—and award the victory to a resolute Liberal. Whereupon the circle closes: the politicians repeat that "a conservative can't win an election," conservative incumbents begin to modify their conservatism, and the scene is set once again for the defeat of conservatism. By conservatives.

● An initiative measure that would reimpose property taxes on private and parochial schools will appear on the November 4 ballot in California. If the measure goes through, the California citizen who chooses to send son or daughter to any of the 643 Roman Catholic, 390 Protestant or 43 Jewish private schools in the state will, of course, be caught going and coming. Not only will he be taxed to support the public school system, he will be soaked something extra by the private school in order to help defray the costs of the property tax. The odd thing is that a pressure group organization known as Californians for Public Schools has been collecting money from the Deep South, of all places, to help the initiative measure along. This at a time when Southerners themselves are turning desperately to the idea of subsidies for private schools in the hope of stemming integration.

● After months of mounting chaos, with members of the legislative assembly spending their sessions throwing furniture and ink wells at each other (one member was killed by a flying desk), President Iskander Mirza of Pakistan proclaimed martial law, threw out the cabinet, cancelled the constitution and dissolved the assembly. He then appointed General Mohammed Ayud Khan, commander of the Army, to help him run the country. Both pledged themselves to stand by Pakistan's established pro-Western foreign policy, and to honor the commitments to both the Baghdad Pact and the Southeast Asia Treaty Organization (SEATO). The day after their coup, President Mirza held a press conference that set a new world's record for political frankness: "My authority is revolution. I have no sanction of law or of constitution. I have only the sanction of my conscience. The country was going to the dogs. We shall eradicate corruption even if we have to shoot. In these things we shall be very ruthless. It was clearly unrealistic to expect healthy democracy on a Western pattern in a country where only 16 per cent of the population could read or write. Democracy without education is hypocrisy without limitation."

● Weary of their twice-daily wrangling with their strike-prone busmen, Londoners yearn for the spirit shown by a driver in Guernsey and by his passengers, as reported by a vacationing NATIONAL REVIEW correspondent. Too kind-hearted to shut the doors while people stood waiting outside, the driver had crammed the bus far beyond its legal capacity. Shortly after he was under way he asked his passengers to please sit on the floor. There was, he explained, a police car approaching. With the warm knowledge that they were aiding their fellow man as they foiled the law, down went the passengers.

● Marek Hlasko is perhaps the most brilliant of the group of talented young Polish writers that developed in the past several years. By his boldness and bitterness in breaking with the official Communist literary doctrine of "socialist realism," he became a moral as well as literary leader of the Polish youth. Becoming known internationally when a movie made from his novel, *The Eighth Day of the Week,* was shown at the Venice Film Festival, he was a key exhibit by which the admirers of the Gomulka regime have tried to prove that Polish Communism . . . is not Communism. Last week Hlasko made his own conclusive comment on that fading delusion. In West Berlin, he asked for political asylum.

● The Lords High Planners in Peiping decreed early this year that there was to be a giant scrap metal drive in all the provinces of China, and lo! by the third quarter one and one-half million tons of scrap had been collected. But the Comrade Planners were not pleased. For public buildings were collapsing in Liaoyang, Manchuria, where industrious scrap collectors had ripped away supporting steel rods. In frozen Darien, no heat ran through missing steam-heat pipes. In Amoy, a salvaged vessel which could have seen cargo service now lay in a thousand pieces. And in hundreds of towns, garbage spilled out of smashed cement rubbish bins which had once sported steel covers. But in the hearts of the local comrades there is joy, for this was one quota they were able to fulfill.

Important Notice

Subscribers to NATIONAL REVIEW are reminded that the Magazine is now being published, newly enlarged from 24 to 32 pages, every *two* weeks. On the alternate weeks, when the Magazine is not published, the new 8-page NATIONAL REVIEW Bulletin will appear. The Bulletin's first four issues are being sent to all NATIONAL REVIEW subscribers, but thereafter it will be necessary to make a supplementary charge if you wish to continue receiving the Bulletin.

WILLIAM A. RUSHER, PUBLISHER

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The Court Reaps Its Whirlwind

In June 1954 relations between Whites and Negroes in the United States, and racial relations generally, were in a more amicable and promising condition than ever before in the nation's history.

Then a Supreme Court obsessed with an egalitarian ideology rendered its decision in *Brown* v. *Board of Education*. What has happened, what is happening, was predictable and predicted. Every observer, whatever his views, concurs in the finding that Negro-White relations in the South, and in many northern cities also, have catastrophically worsened. (Even the rate of integration in the schools is actually *slower* than during the five years prior to 1954.) From this poisonous cauldron the fumes of anti-Semitism, too, begin to spread, both because the racist impulse tends to be non-selective, and because organized Jewish groups have noisily egged on the Court, and aggressively called for immediate implementation of its decisions. Now comes the shutting down of Southern schools, the dynamiting of homes, schools and Jewish temples. And it will be worse. A viciousness has been unleashed that is not easily brought back to kennel.

The Court, in *Brown* and the successor decisions, was "obsessed": the word is carefully chosen. Obsessed in that it acted from abstract imperatives of a monolithic dogma, without reference to the real situation of real men in the real world. It is easy enough for Earl Warren and Felix Frankfurter, at the turn of an ideological spigot, to lecture their 175 million countrymen about instant and total obedience to "the law of the land," but platitudes from the bench—from a bench that so plainly exempts *itself* from the restraints of judicial precedent and tradition —will not, overnight, transmute the ingrained sentiments and convictions of self-reliant communities. Tragically, the resistance by self-reliant and decent men to what they deem the usurpations of the Court and the despotism of the central government tends to promote a general atmosphere of civil disobedience, of disrespect not merely for the Warren Court but for the law; in which the dregs of society break through to the surface.

In our present circumstance there is an added danger. The chaos is exactly to the taste of our main world enemy. To exploit, to exacerbate all rifts and hates in "bourgeois society," by every device of demagogy and provocation, is, for the Communists, standard operating procedure. We do not know the identity of the individual criminals who have been setting the dynamite sticks in the homes and schools and temples. Doubtless some of them are perverted fanatics adhering to grotesque little gangs with fancy crackpot names. "Confederate underground" was the name given to the police by whispered telephone just before several of the recent outrages. Well, there may be a Confederate underground, though it sounds unlikely. But there is a very real Communist underground. That is the only underground whose operations cover the far-flung sites of the past—and future—explosions. And that underground is carefully, professionally trained, not only in the techniques of explosion, but—still more to the present point—in the art of provoking others to use them.

The Moon Rocket

It is the rate of events that first staggers; and the rate will, presumably, remain pretty constant. Within *one twelvemonth*—the Sputniks, and, now, our moon rocket. It makes clear enough in what direction we are going, irreversibly; are, in fact, hurtling. The pathos (for those who pay mind to such things) lies in the fact that, from this point forward, for man, there can be no going back—only on. Nothing but the self-destruction of the race by means for which these rockets might form a stage, can now stay man's onset into space.

Our moon rocket went only some 66 thousand miles into space, instead of an earlier, more eagerly estimated mileage?—It did not reach the moon and orbit, but, instead, plunged back earthward?—The next (and even the next) attempt may still not reach the moon? These are operational details henceforth, and exist to incite their own correction. On that new horizon, galactic now, which the rockets have breached, incidental setback loses weight, like bodies in space, in terms of a greater meaning of it all, which may be expressed like this: Abruptly, the Earth has become a shore of space. Henceforth, it is to be a beachhead from which men mount the incomparable climb into hitherto unheard of experience. In turn, the demands of that all-compelling climb must exert a radically transforming effect upon life on the Earth below. Though it may take some while for the fuller realization to settle in, of man it can now be said: Up to this moment—one way; after it, something radically different.

And it is we, the Americans, who have done this. Is it not peculiarly our destiny that those rockets unfold fierily against that sky and its depths—those depths through which we dare to draw along all others?

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Freedom to Join—or Not

Voters in six states will get their chance on November 4 to decide on the issue of right-to-work. According to the latest political prognostications, Kansas is the only one among the six states which is virtually certain to adopt a right-to-work law. The State of Washington is judged almost as certain to reject right-to-work in favor of retaining the union shop. In California, Ohio, Idaho and Colorado the issue is still pretty much in doubt.

As we have said editorially in the past, we hope to see right-to-work laws prevail. They already exist in eighteen states, including heavily industrialized Indiana; and where they do exist they have accomplished something toward curbing the more egregious monopoly practices of the labor bosses. A good libertarian argument can, of course, be made to the effect that a corporation should have the right to enter freely into a union-shop contract if it so chooses. But the union leaders have not been willing to let the union-shop issue be settled by bargaining; they seek everywhere to put the compulsion of the State behind union membership. Since labor itself has chosen to make a political issue of the matter, proponents of the right to work have little alternative but to turn the polls for redress in their own behalf.

The big test of right-to-work will come in Ohio and in California, where passions on the subject are running high. Regardless of the outcome of the vote in these two states, the big General Electric Company, which favors right-to-work because it favors human freedom, is currently considering new plants in states which already outlaw the compulsory union shop. Fearful of a general migration of industry to right-to-work states, labor leaders are now talking of fighting for a national law to wipe out all existing right-to-work legislation. A vote in favor of right-to-work in Ohio and California, whch have huge representations in the House of Representatives, would do much to head off any movement toward promoting enforced compulsory unionism on a nationwide scale.

An 'Incredible Appointment'

On November 10 delegates from the United States and its principal allies will meet in Geneva with agents of the Soviet Union and a half-dozen of its puppets to discuss "means of preventing surprise attack." (This meeting is different from that of October 31, also in Geneva, at which the permanent suspension of nuclear tests will be discussed.) Why, after all these years, our government continues to send representatives to such meetings, which accomplish nothing (and never will so long as the Communists are in bad faith), is not clear. And why the Eisenhower Administration appoints, as head of the successive delegations, men who have consistently and persistently proved their incompetence to deal with Communists is a mystery beyond even the average man's comprehension.

As head of this particular conference, the President has named William C. Foster. Mr. Foster—it goes almost without saying of an Eisenhower appointment—began his career in public service as the choice of Democrats. President Truman just took him on, in 1946, acting on Averell Harriman's recommendation. Foster went from Harriman's staff in Europe to Paul Hoffman's, and succeeded him as Administrator of the Economic Cooperation Administration. Mr. Foster then had a brief whirl in the Pentagon, and left Washington in 1953, when the Republicans (it is said) moved in.

Mr. Foster has yet to give evidence by word or deed that he has the slightest comprehension of Communism, or the will to stand firm against it. He has, in public and private, fought—sometimes nastily—against a firm line. In recent months, he has used the inside track he gained as co-chairman of the secret "Gaither report" to counter the rising demand that many of our military leaders have been making for stronger anti-Communist policies.

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We shall have to rely on General Otto P. Weyland. He is the brilliant and resolute head of the Tactical Air Command who—perhaps by inadvertence—was named a member of Mr. Foster's delegation. Let us hope his voice prevails.

To Each According to His Need

Mr. Cyrus Eaton, the Cleveland industrialist, has sung many a siren song about the Soviet Union. So, on his recent visit there, it was natural that Nikita Khrushchev should tender him some small token of gratitude. But what to give the capitalist who has everything? The answer, of course—one perfect troika. A troika is a three-horse Russian carriage, hung with chiming bells. Just what Mr. Eaton is to do with a troika on the steppes of Cleveland may seem puzzling. The gift's symbolism certainly isn't. The troika is onrushing Russia, as waggish Comrade Khrushchev, like every other Russian, knows from Gogol's famous apostrophe (written in 1842):

"Ah, troika, bird of a troika! Who was it first thought of thee? Sure, thou couldst only have been born among a spirited people—in that land that does not care to do things by halves, but has spread, a vast plain, over half the world. . . . And, Russia, art not thou, too, flying onwards like a spirited troika that nothing can overtake? The road is smoking under thee, the bridges rumble, everything falls back and is left behind. . . . What is the meaning of this terrifying onrush? What mysterious force is hidden in this troika, never seen before? . . . Russia, whither fliest thou? Answer! She gives no answer. The ringing of the bells melts into music; the air, torn to shreds, whirs and rushes like the wind; everything there is on earth is flying by; and the other states and nations, with looks askance, make way for her and draw aside."

Action Needed

A few weeks ago national and international public opinion rocked on its feet when a State Department subordinate leaked a report that a deluge of mail was running heavily against Mr. Dulles' firm stand on Quemoy. It later developed that this deluge—which caused a decided shift and very nearly a reversal in U.S. policy—consisted of some five thousand letters.

It occurred to us, reflecting on the incident, that NATIONAL REVIEW'S readers—a group of citizens who have proved themselves much concerned about their country's well-being, but sometimes discouraged about their ability to further it—number a good many times five thousand.

On October 31, unless an abrupt change is made, our government, which has allowed itself to be trapped by Soviet trickery, will order a suspension of our nuclear testing program, thereby jeopardizing the national security. (See the recent columns of James Burnham.) Under pressure of a propaganda campaign that it misinterprets as public opinion, the Administration is making the move reluctantly, against the advice of its chief military and scientific advisers. In the short time that remains our readers and their friends can do something to help prove to the President that the voice of Linus Pauling is not the voice of the American people.

We suggest to our readers, therefore, that they write—immediately—to the President, urging him to continue a reasonable and proper program of nuclear testing, geared to the best interests of our country. Get others to write. And send copies to your Congressman or your local newspaper.

Vanity of Vanities

There has just been published in this country the text of an essay originally written several months ago by Jawaharlal Nehru for private circulation among his friends. It is a measured reflection on the historical and philosophical issues of our age, without direct reference to topical disputes. The tone is remote, with something of the world-weary, Stoic disillusionment of *Ecclesiastes*. It calls immediately to mind the episode of Nehru's abortive resignation last June, and suggests that NATIONAL REVIEW may have been wrong in interpreting the resignation offer as a maneuver to bolster Nehru's own political position.

For, by the evidence of this new and quietly eloquent document, Nehru is tired—politically, metaphysically, spiritually tired. It is plain that he no longer believes he has a solution for India's material difficulties, or even that there is a solution. His doubts about capitalism remain, though their statement is tempered, without the distortion and bitterness that have so often accompanied his attacks on things Western. To these are now added, less equivocally than in the past, a review of the failings of Communism—of its "rigidity"; its ignoring of "certain essential needs of human nature"; its "contempt for the moral and spiritual side of life"; its "association with violence [that] encourages a certain evil tendency in human beings"; its "tainted idea" by which "means distorted ends."

Nehru's disillusionment is extended to modern science which, for all its extraordinary achievements, "somehow appears to deal with the surface of things"; and even to religions, whose "disciplines and social

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To Businessmen Who Mean It

We mean to say it gently. Over the years, many a businessman has spent kings' ransoms blurting out spasmodic protests against the collectivization of American life. We can hear them reasoning: How can Maynard Keynes, Alvin Hansen, Seymour Harris, Kenneth Galbraith, Leon Keyserling—how can all their fancy-talk about the economy stand up against the unassailable cogency of the simple, free market position? And so, with the best intentions, they rush into print, or else hire a public relations or advertising firm to say it in full-page ads; they devote hundreds of thousands of dollars . . . and, lo and behold, Keynes, Hansen, Harris, Galbraith, Keyserling proceed as though they didn't exist.

A number of businessmen and corporation bureaucrats have resolved to go into politics and provide a countervailing influence to that of the socialists, who, unerringly, dominate organized labor and the northern elements of the Democratic Party. Please God, they will not dissipate their energies or their funds by such weak and desultory efforts as these. We presume to make a concrete suggestion. The design is to leave the job of proselyting to professionals, and to seek out a means of getting the maximum leverage out of the dollar.

The Evil That Men Do

Shortly before he died, Colonel Robert McCormick turned Washington over to the Left.

There is no questioning the effect of what he did when he sold to the *Washington Post,* the only competing morning newspaper, the *Times Herald,* for six million dollars which, one might note sadly, he did not need, his heirs did not need, and he did not take with him.

The *Washington Post* made the most of its advantage. It had no competition for the always decisive morning reading; and ideologically it had not then, and does not now have, anything to fear from its afternoon rivals. The *Washington Star* is politically ineffectual; so is the little read *News.* Political Washington belongs to the morning paper.

The *Washington Post* is a tireless agent of the left. Its editorial approach to matters of state is symbolized by the drawings of its talented and perverse cartoonist Herblock, who does not miss an opportunity to encourage the stereotypes of the Marxist Left: 1) all anti-Communists are militarist and fascistic; 2) all businessmen are ruthless fatcats; 3) the U.S. Congress is the creature of reactionary vested interests. Because Herblock draws with verve and ingenuity, he has an immense influence (he is easily the most reproduced cartoonist in the world; and college dailies eat him up). He operates in tandem with some tough editorial writers whose view of the American Right is pathological, but who go after their political objectives with a ruthless intensity and singleness of purpose which has a counterpart only in the Communist press. The credo? Appease the Soviet Union, give domestic Communists a free hand, and under the banner of Liberalism, socialize the United States.

The *Post* (together with the *New York Times*) dominates political journalism in Washington. Congressmen and senators of congenial views get the public attention. The news columns report fully the activities of the Liberal Left. The conservatives and anti-Communists, by contrast, are either ignored, misrepresented or berated; and let us bear in mind that, in the world of the politician, newspapers deal not in words, but in sticks and stones. The *Post's* psychological terrorism sets the limits, for Washington, of permissible political debate.

What Is Needed

The challenge to enlightened corporations is to capitalize, and share the ownership of, a competing paper to the *Washington Post.* Cost? About ten million dollars: not so much more than is spent per year, we warrant, in display advertisements recapitulating the virtues of the free enterprise system. Yet such a newspaper could change the political course of events in Washington.

Gulf Oil, General Electric, Union of California, *et al,* should proceed with such a paper as a jointly owned business (and tax-deductible) enterprise. A committee to launch a conservative Washington daily should be formed. Its advisory board might be headed by Herbert Hoover, and consist primarily of successful publishers of conservative American newspapers, *e.g.,* the publishers of the *Wall Street Journal, New Haven Register, New Bedford Standard-Times, Oakland Tribune, Richmond News Leader, New York Daily News, Los Angeles Times, Chicago Tribune, Charleston News & Courier,* and a few others. This committee would take on the problem of picking a staff of men to administer such a newspaper; men who would bring to the Washington scene the best the Right has to offer; which is plenty good enough to deal with the *Washington Post.*

(Reprints of this article are available at 15 cents each, 100 for $10.00. Address Department R, NATIONAL REVIEW, *150 East 35th St., New York 16, N.Y.)*

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usage fade away without giving place to other discipline, moral or spiritual."

In place of all the dissolving idols, Nehru offers no public or social alternative. He seems to turn back, for his personal answer, toward what he had in part repudiated by his active political career: toward the way of non-violence, *satyagraha*, of his master and guru, Mahatma Gandhi.

By the evidence of this document, Nehru is beginning his withdrawal from current politics. As he removes himself from practical contact, new and raw forces, like those now clashing in the Communist-controlled state of Kerala, will move forward on the Indian stage. The political evils that Nehru has done or condoned live on in their consequences. But if this is to be the path of Nehru's withdrawal, we may rejoice that for the last phase of his remarkable life he may set an example, so rare in our time, of dignity and decorum.

Coming Revolt of the Ladies

(By a lady editor of NR)

Gentlemen, or rather, *Messieurs,* we warn you, the ladies have just about had it. Last year you took away their bosoms, waists and hips and dressed them in sacks. You put belts where the Lord put something rather larger and trapezes where none should be. It was a triumph in technique and the ladies went along.

But this year we feel you may have gone too far. The waistline is going up to Directoire or Empire levels, that is, landing roughly six inches higher than when last stabilized two years ago (at waist level); and the massive collar and shoulder lines of *la Collection d'hiver '59* could encompass a Notre Dame halfback, padding and all. The skirts are short. Such, at least, the word seemed to be when the curtain went up on the first three of this year's Paris collections.

But the walls came tumbling down when Yves St. Laurent unveiled the new Dior line. It brings skirts back to half calf, just about where they were before the ladies rushed out and had them stylishly altered. Which poses the question: Does St. Laurent have Dior's magic touch? Can he singlehandedly reverse the prevailing fashion trend?

It is a question the ladies will not take lightly.

Our Contributors: GEORGE MORGENSTERN ("Here Goes Nothing: The 1958 Elections") is the author of *Pearl Harbor,* and one of the co-authors of *Perpetual War for Perpetual Peace.* . . . EDITH KERMIT ROOSEVELT ("Red Defection: Weapon for the West") is a syndicated columnist for Spadea Syndicate; also its associate editor.

Notes and Asides

From the very beginning, our readers have kept us abreast of resistance by libraries here and there to NATIONAL REVIEW, even when subscriptions are received as a gift. Sometimes the reasons are plausible. The land is flecked with sleepy little towns whose librarians would deem it a breach of faith to expose their patrons to journals that talk of sundering universes. Other times, alas, most other times, the reasons given why NATIONAL REVIEW is not taken are implausible, in fact, downright hypocritical, and reveal a wish to censor the magazine's point of view.

NATIONAL REVIEW is not indexed in the Reader's Guide to Periodical Literature: that is one reason, sometimes advanced by librarians, why the magazine is not carried. The argument is similar to the one which goes: "It was perfectly all right for John Jones to join such and such an organization, because it was not yet on the Attorney General's list of Communist-dominated organizations." The Reader's Guide does not modify its list of indexed publications except every seven years; and we are only three years old, and came into being shortly after the RG's last meeting. One would think that an alert librarian would recognize the value of NATIONAL REVIEW to students of contemporary affairs without having to wait for certification of its value upon a statutory seven-year period. There are even those who feel librarians should be ahead of the RG, whose job, like that of the Attorney General, is merely to take official cognizance of characteristics that have long been obvious.

There are still others (*e.g.,* to Name Names, the librarian at the University of Illinois) who don't bother to make excuses, but exercise their duty to liberal education by rejecting NATIONAL REVIEW—out of hand. Curiously, these men tend to be open-society cultists; and are most heatedly resentful of any reference, *e.g.,* in NATIONAL REVIEW, to the pressures exerted in academic communities toward conformity with the Liberal orthodoxy.

Well, gentle readers, who ever said the way was down hill? Certain things are self-evident, and one of them is that NATIONAL REVIEW, whose circulation is growing by leaps and bounds, speaks for a crystallizing and expanding minority of thoughtful Americans (and could—if the readers will it—be up 50 per cent this Christmas over last); and its license to do so is not revocable by the librarian of the University of Illinois. They will all come around in due course—or stand to face the single consequence they could not bear: the contempt of their students.

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National Trends

Political Death Wish in California

FORREST DAVIS

If I have one qualification as a substitute for the usual and instructed occupant of this chair, L. Brent Bozell (toiling, as he is, for a seat in the Maryland legislature), it is that I have just come from a six-weeks fact-finding safari in the jungle of California politics. The impressions I have brought away are bewildering, the deductions ominous.

For, while in many states the Republican and conservative forces are resignedly apathetic, in California one can hear the death rattle of a politico-economic system that has lavishly served that lotus land. The owners and operators of the California economy are willing accomplices in a transfer of power to a laborite-ADA-Communoid state-within-a state. Far too many of the oil, shipping and industrial barons, natural allies of the renowned and principled William F. Knowland, are joining with the conspiratorial left, the Reuthers and Hoffas and trivial party factionalists such as Governor Goodwin J. (Goody) Knight to head off Bill Knowland at the pass.

They are doing so for a variety of reasons, none of them creditable. I know whereof I speak. I know how bare has been the Knowland campaign barrel. At one point in early October the campaign management had $61,000 in checks drawn for current obligations; checks it could not issue. It required the personal intervention of President Eisenhower, alarmed over symptoms of a debacle in California, to draft a finance chairman for Knowland in the southern, or Los Angeles, end of the state. Furthermore, three days after the drafted finance chairman attended the "billion-dollar" fund-raising dinner at the White House he had only been able to raise $58,000.

Meanwhile Senator Knowland, from sources open to him, has repeatedly charged on the stump that $1,500,000 already has made its presence felt from union treasuries in the California campaign. (The situation is similar in Arizona. A call went out through the West a week ago for $3,000 urgently needed to finance a statewide TV program for Senator Barry Goldwater.)

The most depressing aspect of this affair is that the substantial interests of California are seemingly unaware that by betraying Knowland they betray their own well-being and exhibit a shocking political death wish.

Knowland's ostensible opponent for governor is Attorney General Edmund G. (Pat) Brown. Brown is both an opportunistic politician and a myth. The mythic Brown is as three of the state's four Hearst newspapers described him when bestowing their endorsement: "a moderate, middle-of-the-road Democrat." The myth arose, no doubt, from his capacity to be all things to all men, including the Communist conspirators who have consistently infiltrated the Democratic Party of California for a generation.

The real opponent of Knowland, the substantial interests and the future of California is, however, a junta of labor bosses and leftist politicians operating through something known as the California Democratic Council. The brains of this outfit is Paul Ziffren, a Los Angeles lawyer once the law partner of Jake Arvey in Chicago, and now after a relatively brief residence the Democratic National Committeeman for California. Ziffren's claim to partisan astuteness rests upon a tight organization of California's "minorities" and reading the conservative, transplanted southern Democrats out of the party.

The Ziffren crowd wrote the Democratic state platform which condemns loyalty oaths, stigmatizes Taft-Hartley as a "slave labor act," provides for a boycott by the state of any firm against which a union levels charges, and promises to beggar the state by creating thirty-eight new and expensive welfare agencies. It was the CDC likewise which nominated the state slate, from Brown down. Four of these candidates, including Brown, have records of Communist-front affiliation.

Brown's own record, which we lack space to examine, shows a remarkable if hitherto ignored pattern of agreement with Communist causes, from the 1940s when he solicited Harry Bridges' support in his campaign for district attorney of San Francisco County. Brown twice joined the National Lawyers' Guild, a notorious arm of the Communist conspiracy; became first vice president of the San Francisco chapter in 1946 and, as far as public evidence goes, still is a member.

Why is so much of the California tycoonery opposed or indifferent to Knowland, favorable or reconciled to a Labor-Democratic victory on November 4? The reasons are varied, ranging from resentment over the Senator's "upsetting the apple-cart" by running for governor to a lukewarm attitude toward his chief issue, voluntary unionism. There is also the feeling that Knowland, a member of one of California's first families, wealthy and intrenched behind his integrity, is arbitrary, willful and would be harder to deal with at Sacramento than the conspicuously pliable Brown. As the head of a large California enterprise put it to a friend of mine:

"Why should we help Knowland? We've dealt with Brown for eight years as Attorney General. He always went along. Bill might not."

But basically a good many of the owners and operators have deserted Knowland because he is "too controversial." Knowland, crusading for voluntary unionism, standing firm against the enemy in the Straits of Formosa, chills and repels the appeasement-minded among Jim Burnham's managerial class and liberal suburbia. Just as they want peace with the Soviet empire, they want political peace at home; misunderstanding the nature of power in both cases.

The infinitely courageous Knowland can not yet be written off, but if he is elected it will be because he has perseveringly brought home his message and his mission to the broad masses of California. His neighbors and friends have written him off.

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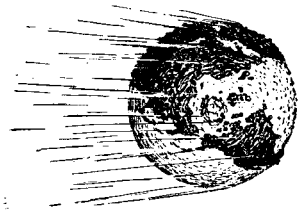

Moscow Gives No Rest to the Weary

JAMES BURNHAM

The opponents of a hard policy on Quemoy are quite possibly a majority in this country, as they pretty surely are in Europe and most certainly are in the neutralist nations. In the United States, all our fellow travelers, habitual appeasers, pacifists, and ADA types, along with most of the "liberal wing" of the Democratic Party, are, naturally enough, numbered among them. But they include also many citizens without a spot of pink: isolationists, for example, and anti-statists—among them, I imagine, not a few of NATIONAL REVIEW's readers.

The case against holding firm on Quemoy is put into the form of a many-pronged argument, fairly well standardized by now. Quemoy is geographically part of the mainland. Hostile troops on Quemoy are a provocation to the Peiping regime. Quemoy is militarily untenable. Quemoy is not necessary to the defense of Formosa. The Chinese Communist regime is in to stay. Chiang is an historical ghost. On Quemoy we are isolated from our allies. We should not permit Chiang to decide U.S. policy. Fighting over Quemoy will lead to general war. Quemoy is not worth the life of one American boy. And so on.

There is a rational rebuttal, point by point, in support of the opposite view. To my mind the argument for a firm stand is rationally convincing, on balance, but I think it foolish to suppose that rational argument has much to do with the dispute.

Get Them Off Our Necks

What those who advocate withdrawal from Quemoy are really seeking is to get the Communists off our necks, to find surcease from the continuous pressure that after all these years becomes, for more and more of us, intolerable. If only they'd let up for a while! Even if it's temporary, we've got to have a breather, as when the dentist's drill is bearing down so relentlessly on the quivering nerve of that tender molar.

This feeling cannot be openly acknowledged, so it is dressed up in the fine clothes of rational argument. But it is the feeling, not the logic, that makes the argument persuasive. And the feeling, surely, is natural enough.

It is the same, exactly, with the nuclear test issue. The Communists —directly through the Soviet government and their official Parties, indirectly through their fronts and dupes—have kept hammering away week after week, year in and year out: fallout hazard, nuclear annihilation, leukemia, warmongering, unborn generations, duty to mankind, militarism, imperialism, buzz, buzz, buzz-z-z. It gets to be more than a man's nerves can stand. Gradually, starting from the fainter hearts and softer heads, the cry mounts: Turn it off! Give way a little, do *something,* so a man can get a little rest *once* in a while!

It is the same, in other phases, with the summit meeting, nuclear argument, overseas bases, Western troops in the Mideast, the trade embargo, internal security measures, just as it was the same with Czechoslovakia, Viet-Nam, for that matter mainland China and east Europe. The aggressor selects a plausible target —geographic, political or moral— that is too limited to seem a sufficient cause of general war or even a basic showdown. He presses unremittingly toward it, wearing down layer after layer of the opposing will to resist, until the Western leaders, usually to the tune of the excusing rationalizations that the aggressor has also thoughtfully provided, give way.

Psychic Attrition

The Communists have developed this method—of *psychic attrition,* it might be called—to a new perfection, but it has always been the classic relation between expanding aggressor and passive defender. In the 1930s Nazism had the same relation to Europe as Communism now has to the world; and the West European nations acted toward Hitler as the non-Soviet world now acts toward the Kremlin. From the moment he consolidated domestic power, Hitler continuously pressed against vulnerable points. To France, Britain and the lesser nations, it always seemed better to give way a bit rather than to offer absolute resistance. Besides, didn't Hitler have many reasonable arguments on his side—Versailles Treaty, German dismemberment, Russian threat . . .? The Nazi regime was there to stay. When Germany's legitimate claims were satisfied, there could be peaceful coexistence in Europe . . .

Thus also were the relations between the defending Roman Empire and the pushing barbarian tribes.

From the defender's perspective a policy of compromise and appeasement is not only natural, but inevitably seems more plausible, more reasonable. Its defect, concealed by the verbal cover, is exposed by the invariant fact. The aggressor *never* voluntarily stops. He is stopped *(if* he is stopped) only when he has been smashed, either by internal revolt, external defeat, or—as often happens—a combination of the two.

To get back to Quemoy. There is just no use giving up Quemoy. There isn't a chance that withdrawal would cool off the Communist heat. The consequence would, most certainly, be the opposite. That is what Admiral Arleigh Burke, Chief of Naval Operations, was trying to tell us in his astonishing, unprecedented interview:

"Suppose we do knuckle under, slide back a little. That is what the Communists are looking for. They don't care about those islands from a geographical point of view. After the problem of the offshore islands is settled, there is going to be trouble in other parts of the world and perhaps we aren't going to want to face those problems either. You let one doubtful area go, then the next area becomes more doubtful and you become a little weaker. A little weaker in your own spirit, which is more important than losing areas or even people. You lose your willingness to do something about it."

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Here Goes Nothing: The 1958 Elections

The general apathy toward next month's elections, says an experienced observer, is due to the want of any principled difference between the parties

GEORGE MORGENSTERN

The Modern Republicans are not to be envied. Sherman Adams has rolled up Goldfine's rug, sent it to the cleaners, and is preparing, one of these days, to steal noisily away. The father-figure in the White House is approaching mid-point in his final term and the bright tomorrows are as dull as the brass door knocker on an abandoned house.

To the Modern Republicans, in this sad pass, might be applied the words of Charles Lamb: "I am determined my children shall be brought up in their father's religion, if they can find out what it is."

This will prove a baffling legacy. What, exactly, is Modern Republicanism? Upon what philosophical basis does it rest? What body of political principle are we supposed to believe that it evokes? What lasting truths are we to scratch for under the rubble of verbiage from C. D. Jackson, Arthur Larson, or the improbable Malcolm Moos?

The disorganized and distraught behavior of Republican candidates facing elections less than a month hence, and the bemusement of conservatives, provide a dusty answer. Mr. Eisenhower's golf card might offer a score of sorts, but his performance, his public utterances? Never. So it would appear that Modern Republicanism is no more, but certainly no less, than that commodity supposedly despised by the Kremlin—the cult of personality, invested with whatever content and attributes the faithful choose to ascribe to Mr. Eisenhower himself. Thus, necessarily, the movement ends with the tenure of the incoherent prophet.

Now, to revert for a moment, we are obliged to remind ourselves that Lamb's wry jest about the difficulties presented his children in identifying and describing his religion embodies an even more melancholy joke. For Lamb had no children and no prospect of any, excepting a daughter adopted when both were of mature years and she destined to leave him in his age. So, in turn, the seed of Modern Republicanism is sterile. In the useful phrase which Senator Moses once applied to the sons of the wild jackasses, there is no pride of ancestry or hope of posterity.

Republican Promises

In these circumstances, we might expect that the Republican Party would now be engaged in the pursuit of a soul. But there is precious little indication that it even knows in what quarter to search. The gyroscopic compass which provided stability and direction was lost with Senator Taft. So the mood approaching election is somber, as in Josephine Johnson's still remembered novel, the bleak *Now In November*. What response can a Modern Republican expect in view of the defaulted pledges given to Mr. Taft on Morningside Heights in 1952, a budget at the breaking point of more than $79 billion, a deficit in excess of $12 billion, and the continuing unconscionable exactions of Congress and the tax collector?

What becomes of the old slogan of "peace and prosperity" when peace is rendered daily more shaky by the floundering uncertainty of American antics in the Middle East and the Formosa Strait, and the economy, at length nosing out of recession, still finds more than four million unemployed? Where are the victories over Communism once counted before they were hatched in the confident talk of "liberation"? We look in vain for them in Hungary, or Korea, or on the wash of the Yellow Sea, if we dare look at all, and certainly our gaze drops long before it reaches the Soviet Union itself.

And where, now, are the promises of less government, less demanding government, less intrusive government when, by every visible sign, government is always to become more and the citizen invariably to become less? When even the President's brother—the sensible one—is moved to observe that we are rushing hell-bent down the ruinous road to socialism, who is there so confident or so foolhardy as to dispute him?

Yet, lest it seem that this is an unfair and one-sided chastisement of political ineptitude and bankrupt doctrine, who would say that the Democrats are in better case? For all their chestiness, predicated on a well-founded belief in the ignorance and selfishness of the electorate, they are not altogether happy, for, as the majority party in both houses of Congress, they not only share complicity but logically should be assigned major blame. Their chief reliance is on the vulgar disposition to blame "the Administration" for everything that goes wrong or is not completely conducive to everybody's satisfaction, either as pertains to mental ease or to more tangible boons from Washington. Almost completely ignored is that these executive agents constitutionally are reduced to the function of executing the laws as they are laid down by Congress (or, lately, that lordly, nonreviewable, and more efficient legislative arm, the Supreme Court).

When calamities accumulate and compound, and distemper is rampant, there are only two things for a politician to do. The first is to indulge in irrelevant and diversionary activity and double talk. The second is to blame the other fellow. Custom sanctions both.

Under the first category, we are treated to such delicious humbug as to inspire the prayer that Mencken were still alive. The patrician Nelson Rockefeller essayed to appease the New York Jewish vote, if not his

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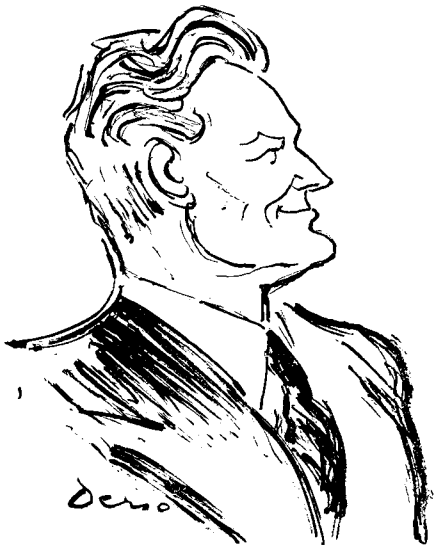
stomach, by wolfing cheese blintzes, which should make him a right goy. Not to be outdone, the equally well heeled Governor Averell Harriman (Dem.) rushed to the bedside of the stricken Reverend Martin Luther King, apostle of integration, who had been impaled on a letter opener by a misguided sister of his race, and there issued a proclamation intended to prove to the Harlem vote that he, Harriman, could hardly be more thoroughly integrated.

Refusing to be caught at a disadvantage, Rockefeller purchased a



Rockefeller

two-foot length of salami at a kosher delicatessen, giving rise to the hope among optimists that, instead of dissipating the family billions on tiresome studies ground out by kept professors on the payroll of the Rockefeller Brothers Fund, he would expend his virtually inexhaustible competence on the project of retiring all salami from the market. Many a tooth would be saved by the total inactivation of this inedible wallboard.

What, after this, was there left for Harriman but to strike an enigmatic pose and refuse to pledge that he would serve out a still hypothetical second term? Thus was carefully implanted the impression that, by overwhelming public clamor, Harriman might be carried, kicking and protesting, to the White House in 1961. This maneuver reduced Rockefeller to regaling an upstate New York audience with jokes which appealed to his grandfather, John D., *circa* 1850. Imagine the mortification of Joe Miller.

There is also a new impetus imparted to that perennial seminar devoted to the question whether the Vice President, on his present resort to the hustings, represents the "old" or the "new" Nixon. Although noncommittal on whether we are seeing in this campaign the old or the new Checkers, and whether he is growing a Republican cloth coat for the winter, the *New York Times* has cast the entrails and concluded that Nixon is something old, something new, something borrowed from Chotiner, somewhat blue. A more fascinating subject of speculation, still to be resolved, is whether it is true that he carries concealed razor blades in his bubble gum.

Schlesinger Speaks

Then there is the always unavoidable Professor Arthur Schlesinger Jr., author of the sixth best book on the Age of Jackson (other titles on request), but possessed of more clout with the political lobby known as the Pulitzer Committee than less fortunate authors. Speaking for Americans for Democratic Action, Junior discerns a "death wish" among Democrats. This theory rests on the irrational complaint that, in brief spells of sanity, the party turned down Benton & Bowles in Connecticut and Finletter in New York when canvassing plausible nominees for Senator. This makes Junior so mad he could spit (and he will, too, when he grows up a little), especially since the party persists in cherishing "a hopelessly evasive and mediocre governor like Foster Furcolo." This passing pet may be traced to the fact that Furcolo, in a speech to Schlesinger's outfit a few years back, offered some succinct advice to the ADA, namely: "Drop dead."

Not altogether despairing, Junior offers the thought that "the great natural resource of the Republican Party is money; the great natural resource of the Democratic Party is brains." So there! Harvard has spoken.

Mrs. Roosevelt has also checked in. (How the old familiar faces do rally, and how imperishable and all too familiar some of them are!) She unloaded her hod of brick on Irene Dunne, a Hollywood actress so intellectual as to be a Republican—not too Modern, at that—who had the temerity to announce publicly that she had concluded that Bill Knowland of California was correct in his views about the iniquity of compulsory unionism. With her usual crushing affectation of infallibility, Mrs. Roosevelt deposed that Miss Dunne, "innocent and unknowing" as she might be, had nevertheless fallen for a vile scheme "to enslave the American worker."

It could be supposed that one Roosevelt would be enough to handle this one, but no, the ghost of the sainted F.D.R. also had to offer his two cents' worth by proxy. Ralph Bellamy, cast in *Sunrise at Campobello* as the Sage of Hyde Park, Casablanca, Yalta, and points east, backstopped the relict by putting on his makeup and addressing a hurt note to Miss Dunne charging her with the fell intention of selling out "labor's gains" as far back as 1919.

The discarded Mr. Finletter, we think it was, announced that eggheads again were in the ascendancy, although by the Schlesinger test his

Harriman

own experience failed to prove it. That inevitably brings us to Adlai Stevenson, who has gargled and is hitting the road to prove what presumably can be proven about eggheads, of which he considers himself one.

The best available information on this subject is that eggheads are those whose brains have slid back with a receding hair line until now they ride, as it were, in the rumble

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seat. And, speaking of that general area, it is to be noted that the Democrats have elected as Governor of Maine a chiropractor—a type of practitioner who usually works on your back, in the immediate vicinity, as is the wont of Democrats, of your wallet. Which is more than ordinarily frank of the Democrats.

Behind Voters' Apathy

That will dispose of, though not exhaust, some of the obfuscatory maneuvers of the campaign. It remains to take due notice of the official manifestoes of the parties. Of these the Republican, produced after a conclave in the White House, is the more interesting and, within the allowable limits of tedium, imaginative.

The meeting was convoked after Mr. Eisenhower had expressed incomprehension of reports of Republican apathy and complacency, although how any Republican, with the exception of Mr. Eisenhower himself, could suffer from the latter infection is rather incomprehensible in itself.

Mr. Arthur Krock of the *New York Times,* who deserves much homage for striving manfully in a miasmic intellectual climate, anticipated the seminar in the Executive Mansion with a piece based on the theme of the old Listerine ads: "Even his best friends won't tell him."

Among the things that Mr. Krock predicted that his confrères would not confide to Mr. Eisenhower was, especially, this: "'Modern Republicanism,' as shaped by the President, is so indistinguishable from the New-Fair Deal that the party has lost electoral identity. This inevitably has produced voters' 'apathy' to party appeals, impelled conservative Democrats as well as Republicans to stay home in large numbers on election days, and exposed to their derision the President's claim that 'free enterprise' depends on Republican victory."

Well put, wouldn't you say?, but hardly new when anyone with the barest discernment could detect that those who were busy steering the General toward the Presidency in 1951-52 were intent on institutionalizing the New Deal under Republican auspices.

Nevertheless, despite the realities detected by Mr. Krock and the anomalies equally apparent to others, the pronunciamento released after the conference of the party leadership with Mr. Eisenhower amounted to a ringing declaration that, if you think you've got it bad now, just wait and see what the Democrats can do to you. This is about the only argument left to the Republicans. It is valid and is as persuasive as anything could be.

It predicts, one would suppose correctly, that any Democratic-controlled Congress or Democratic Administration would be "far to the

Mrs. Roosevelt

left of the New and Fair Deals"; that in these circumstances "we are certain to go down the left lane which leads inescapably to socialism"; that the Democratic Party, being dominated by "politico-labor bosses and left-wing extremists," is itching for the opportunity to indulge its "insatiable" "urge to regiment and direct all of America from bureaucratic command posts"; that the Democrats would not only spend you blind, without regard to taxes and deficits, but would stifle business with a merciless determination, allow the union bosses to run wild, and reanimate public corruption on the Truman scale.

One need not concede that this is an exaggerated statement to entertain reservations. If Modern Republicanism can now discern the consequences, why has it adopted and pursued substantially the program of the opposition? When Mr. Eisenhower continues to maintain that the Republican Party still travels down "the middle of the road," whereas the Democrats would take "the left lane," why has he failed to observe that, when the whole road has shifted so far to port that it travels at an acute angle from its old straight course, there is no significant merit in adhering to the present middle?

And, granting that socialism is highly undesirable, why is Mr. Edgar Eisenhower, the President's own brother, impelled to say that we could hardly be going faster down that road than we are right now?

It is for reasons such as these that the citizen who has so far avoided catatonia can muster little interest in and less enthusiasm for what happens next month. True, it would be lamentable if Knowland were defeated for Governor, or Goldwater in Arizona for Senator, and it would be a happy event if Bracken Lee were to unseat Watkins of Utah for Senator, considering the services of that gentleman to the cause of destroying Senator McCarthy. It would also be highly satisfying if Proxmire of Wisconsin, Kennedy of Massachusetts, and other properties of the ADA and AFL-CIO were taken to the cleaners. There are a number of useful senators and members of the House who have not been tainted by Modern Republicanism, and, if there were virtue in the world and intelligence in the electorate, one could hope that all would be rewarded as they deserve.

But this, unfortunately, is too much to expect. As Madison Avenue prepares to lay out the corpse in the gray flannel suit, men of merit must also fortify themselves against their own political obsequies. The prospect could be borne with greater equanimity if the Republican Party went down to defeat in its traditional character and for a good cause, but to suffer the gloating of the Soapy Williamses, the Walter Reuthers, the Trumans and Schlesingers under the compulsion to uphold the vanquished cause of a Modern Republicanism in which no one believes—that is too much.

The government I cast upon my brother. The application is in a sense different from what Shakespeare intended, but the words have a wan and tragic ring, considering the kind of government we unkindly cast upon one another.

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Red Defection: Weapon for the West

EDITH KERMIT ROOSEVELT

Igor Gouzenko, the code clerk who served the Soviet spy apparatus in Canada, said in October 1957 that there is "no question but that there are Communist-sickened Russian officials and agents who yearn for an opportunity to break for freedom and to carry with them vital documentary evidence of Kremlin-directed espionage against the West as I did in 1945."

Ismail Ege, Gregory Orlov and other important former Soviet intelligence officers have also testified before the Senate Internal Security Subcommittee that key Soviet agents and diplomats would defect if only our laws would protect them. After an exhaustive study of the problem, the Subcommittee recommended that legislation "to assure sanctuary in the United States and a decent standard of living to Communist defectors" be enacted.

Gouzenko on Missile Spies

The arrest of Colonel Rudolph Abel brought to light the tremendous value of Soviet defectors to the American cause. Though the FBI had been working on the case for some time before the defection of Reino Hayhanan, it was the data furnished by him which made possible the speedy conviction of Abel and the breaking of several tough codes profitably used by Soviet spies in this country. The cases of Vladimir Petrov in Australia, Yuri Rastvorov in Japan, Nikolai Khokhlov in Germany, Igor Gouzenko in Canada and Ismail Ege in Turkey: all these illustrate how telling a blow a single defection can deal the Soviet apparatus within a country. The importance of espionage to Soviet political and military advancement was testified to by a man intimately familiar with its operations. Shocked by the launching of Sputnik I, Igor Gouzenko broke the silence he had so rigorously kept and wrote President Eisenhower:

> The fact that the United States, with its advanced scientific and material resources, was not able to launch the first earth satellite . . . indicates the work of well-organized Soviet spy rings in the United States' missile-production system.

Gouzenko disclosed that had he not exposed the espionage ring in the Canadian National Council, it soon would have become "a little private busy department of the Soviet Academy of Scientists"—sabotaging production and passing on information to the Soviet government.

Why So Few Defect

What are the prospects of recruiting another Gouzenko? Gregory Orlov, one of the Soviet Union's highest ranking NKVD officers before his defection to the West in 1938, insists that "decades of assassination" and "periodical purges" have rendered Soviet agents eager to "quit and to start life anew." And, according to Ismail Ege, former chief of the Fourth Section on Military Intelligence, the living conditions in this country are a potent lure to would-be defectors.

With such good reasons, why then do so few Soviet spies defect? Gregory Orlov testified further to the Senate Internal Security Subcommittee that it is because "they are afraid that, after all, when they defect they will be arrested and made responsible for espionage work which they conducted for the Soviet Union."

Another reason is that the United States has *not* protected defectors from kidnapping, blackmail, and assassination. Walter Krivitzky, former chief of Soviet military intelligence in Western Europe, was killed in a Washington hotel. On April 5, 1956, Soviet officials abducted two Russian sailors, defectors from the vessel Tuapse, from their apartment in Patterson, N. J. There was evidence of a bloody struggle.

Even if defectors were free from the constant fear of violence, they are not encouraged by the free world. Ismail Ege described to the Subcommittee how prominent defectors are squeezed dry and then discarded. "They take your picture," he said, "put it in the newspapers under the headline, 'Ex-Soviet Spy Major of General Staff, Working Against the United States or the Free World, Reveals in His Testimony.' The presentation is made. Then he is forgotten. And try after this presentation to hunt for a job in this free world . . . [and] he has to wait, for the reason that he was a Communist, 10 years to get citizenship."

Finally, there is the tragic failure in human relations between Americans and defectors. The same Americans who naively welcome visiting Soviet "cultural" delegations are the first to call defectors "turncoats." By contrast, defectors from the West to the Soviet Union are loaded with honors and privileges and instantly granted Soviet citizenship.

Gouzenko recommended to President Eisenhower a five point legislative program to correct our inhumane and suicidal method of handling defectors.

1. Legislation to make every escapee who brings documentary evidence an American citizen with utmost speed.
2. Effective protection for such citizens from the vengeful arm of the Soviet government.
3. Material security in the form of a grant such as is given war leaders who serve their country well.
4. Assistance in finding employment suitable to the defector's talents and ability.
5. A document in which the government acknowledges his service to the country and entitles him to all help.

If these recommendations are made law, the Soviet spy system will crumble.

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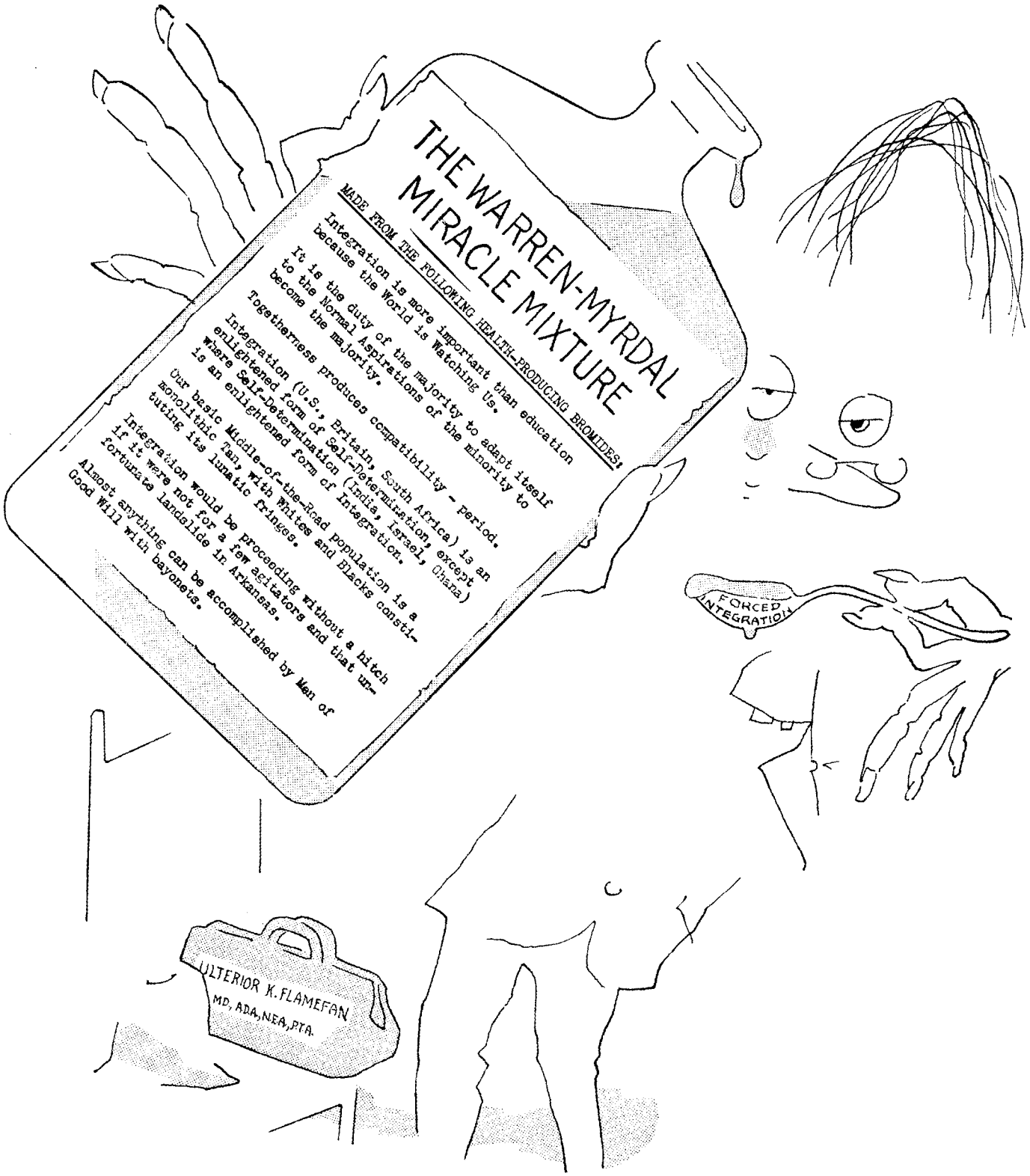
THE WARREN-MYRDAL MIRACLE MIXTURE
MADE FROM THE FOLLOWING HEALTH-PRODUCING BROMIDES:
Integration is more important than education because the World is Watching Us.
It is the duty of the majority to adapt itself to the Normal Aspirations of the minority to become the majority.
Togetherness produces compatibility - period.
Integration (U.S., Britain, South Africa) is an enlightened form of Self-Determination (India, Israel, Ghana) where Self-Determination (U.S., Britain, South Africa) is an enlightened form of Integration.
Our basic Middle-of-the-Road population is a monolithic tan, with Whites and Blacks constituting its lunatic fringes.
Integration would be proceeding without a hitch if it were not for a few agitators and that unfortunate landslide in Arkansas.
Almost anything can be accomplished by Men of Good Will with bayonets.
FORCED INTEGRATION
ULTERIOR K. FLAMEFAN
MD, ADA, NEA, PTA.

"Now, don't think about it—just swallow it!" Kreuttner

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Letter from London

ANTHONY LEJEUNE

Pots, Kettles and a Seething Cauldron

A friend of mine, recently back from a year in the Middle East, said that one of the things which struck him now was the extent to which British newspapers have become more conformist and more like magazines. An interesting sociological comment, and probably just. That part of the newspapers which is still devoted to news has been mainly concerned during the past few weeks with the chatter of politicians at their Party conferences and with the crisis in the China seas. As regards the latter at least, they have been conformist to the point of unanimity.

There were other political stories too, of course. British newspapers are following the Little Rock affair closely, but our own race riots in Notting Hill and Nottingham have somewhat inhibited the familiar prim confidence of the leader-writers. Hardly less embarrassing has been the result of the French referendum. British commentators, like their American colleagues, have been apt to suggest that General de Gaulle was a fascist beast who could expect no support from right-minded Frenchmen. Duller but also important was the Commonwealth economic conference in Montreal. Quite good progress seems to have been made in knitting the Commonwealth closer together, though the details were too technical to attract much attention. The really interesting question is never discussed at all: If the Commonwealth is to grow in health and strength, ought it, as some people suggest, to expand or should it rather contract? Might not the white core of the Commonwealth—Britain, Canada, Australia and New Zealand—prove more influential on its own than as part of a larger, looser and less reliable organization? One looks at Mr. Nehru, and wonders.

The newspaper-reading public is not greatly interested in foreign affairs. The fact remains, however, that the clash over Quemoy and Matsu has probably been the most important thing happening anywhere in the world during the past month; and, whatever one's view of its strategic and political implications, the reaction of America's allies seems to me profoundly disturbing.

To judge from most of what's written you might suppose that Chiang was the aggressor and Mao the innocent victim. This is apparently just one more instance of an aggressive trouser-seat striking an inoffensive boot. The State Department's recent attempt to justify the policy of non-recognition has evidently been a complete failure. British commentators still nurse the extraordinary illusion that refusing to recognize the Peking government means "pretending it does not exist."

Trade union leaders asked for a special meeting with the Prime Minister to express their alarm about the situation. Mr. Grimond roundly condemned American policy in the main speech at the Liberal Party conference. After writing a singularly unhelpful letter to the Prime Minister, Mr. Gaitskell at the Labor Party's conference berated the Government for its "intolerable hypocrisy" and demanded that Britain publicly dissociate herself from America's folly.

Nor have the Conservatives been at all solid. Some of them want increased trade with China; others look nervously at Hong Kong's vulnerable position. Since America recognized the blood-soaked new government of Iraq, they say, there can be no particular moral objection to recognizing the *de facto* government of China: which, when you consider how things are shaping in Iraq, is an analogy that cuts both ways. Least creditable of all is the widely advanced Conservative argument that, because America failed to help Britain at the time of Suez, Britain should now refuse to support America.

There are exceptions, of course. A handful of Conservative members of Parliament have been to Formosa and actually believe in the Nationalist cause. Rather more of them simply emphasize that the West cannot afford to yield in the face of Communist threats and say Britain must openly stand by her ally, while possibly exexerting a little sobering pressure behind the scenes. Mr. Randolph Churchill set the cat among the pigeons by announcing that the Prime Minister had told him Britain would back America (cries of outrage from the Left) and then by saying a few days later that he'd seen Mr. Dulles and thought him a shrewd and good man (shouts of incredulity from everyone).

Mr. Macmillan himself has played the affair with his usual canniness, contriving to lie low and say almost nothing—except perhaps to Mr. Randolph Churchill. (This cautious silence is what annoyed Mr. Gaitskell most.) He even succeeded in soothing the delegation of trade union leaders, though afterwards they found themselves unable to explain how.

We have to face the fact that there is in Britain, and probably in every other European country as well, a great deal of latent anti-Americanism. This is quite natural—most of the things which are now being said about America were said about Britain in the nineteenth century—but it is singularly unfortunate and dangerous at a time when, whether we like it or not, the Anglo-American alliance is the only possible alignment for both nations. It is terrifying that left-wing speakers can always get an easy round of applause by saying, quite seriously, that America is more of a danger to world peace than Russia.

The contrast between Communist solidarity and the West's absolute lack of any coherent policy has never been more vivid. Mao's gunfire has achieved that, if nothing else: he and Mr. Khrushchev may well feel pleased with themselves. But, of course, if it comes to the pinch the cracks will close because we have no other choice. The West will stand more closely together than seems possible now. Some of our statesmen and higher civil servants know this and, behind all the clamor, are working quietly and prudently to reinforce the alliance. I think—mind you, I say I *think*—that Mr. Macmillan is one of these.

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The Vacant Throne

Who shall save the Holy See, bereft of a brilliant diplomat and prudent theologian, as the forces of evil march on?

E. v. KUEHNELT-LEDDIHN

Pius XII is dead and from the public buildings of almost all free European countries flags are flying at half-mast. The "Supreme Builder of Bridges" *(Pontifex Maximus)*, the "Slave of the Slaves of God" is no longer among the living and people all over the world are taking stock of a remarkable reign, of a stormy period in the history of the Catholic Church heralding another pontificate which will be even more crucial.

All pontificates are stormy. Only the very naive believe that the Catholic Church is a smoothly working corporation. (That she received one of the highest efficiency ratings from an American company investigating businesses caused colossal amusement in circles which know the Church from the inside!) In one sense, of course, the Church is an authoritarian structure. As Edouard de Laboulaye has said, the Popes have inherited the Palaces of the Caesars, magnificent buildings symbolizing might and power but which, standing over the catacombs, speak the language of liberty. In the words of a noted German Jesuit, the Church is "God's Might in Human Weakness," a "tired pilgrim on her way through a desert."

Pius XII, scion of a noble Roman family, started his career as a papal diplomat. As papal nuncio residing in the German Empire he had seen the peace efforts of Pope Benedict XV fail dismally, a failure for which the Allies of the First World War were primarily responsible. Few pastimes are more depressing than reading President Wilson's letter to Benedict XV in which he gently reminds him that moral issues cannot easily be solved by compromise.

Peace between the nations became the *Leitmotiv* in the activities of the late pontiff, whose name is an allusion to peace and whose coat of arms shows a dove carrying an olive twig. Elected the head of the Catholic Church a few months before the outbreak of World War II, Pius XII ceaselessly labored for peace and—recalling the fatal disorder caused by the outcome of World War I—for a just peace. His allocutions and exhortations during the last years of the Second Big Massacre were documents of the highest political sagacity and wisdom, and the world is now paying a terrible price for having ignored them. His cry, "Rise above yourself!," addressed to the leaders of the warring nations, remained without an echo. On one hand we had a homicidal maniac leading his nation from disaster to disaster, on the other the tyrannical monster on the East aided by the blind self-righteousness of the West.

While excoriating Fascism and Nazism, Pius XII knew that totalitarian tyrannies of a local character have natural limits of expansion in time and space. Communism—older, colder and more calculating than the irrational mixture of biology and collectivism offered by the Nazis—survived the war and was soon engaged in a life-and-death struggle with the universal Church in all quarters of the globe: in Poland and Viet-Nam, in Yugoslavia and China, in Lithuania and Korea, in Hungary and South America, in France, and right in the Eternal City. Pius XII understood that the total separation of politics and religion is a dream because the Church stands squarely in the historical process, and politics is essentially history in the making. Non-philosophical, non-theological internal politics exists only in the few countries which give the Church a welcome chance to stay out of the political arena. The Lutheran ministers in Schleswig-Holstein who battled so valiantly for the recent victory of the Christian Democratic Union in northernmost Germany would be the first to affirm how rare is this phenomenon.

Still, it would be a grave error to see in the late Pius XII only a political Pope. His Pontificate was marked not only by armed conflicts at the very gate of the Eternal City, by the martyrdom of hundreds of thousands of the Faithful, by the systematic persecution of the Church in many countries, but also by acrimonious theological discussions and by ecclesiastic policy decisions of the widest importance.

No Monolith

It must never be forgotten that while Rome reserves final decisions to itself, great theological currents and innovations most often come to life in the provincial centers of the Catholic Church, on the "front" of the Church Militant. It is up to "General Headquarters" to separate error from truth or to put a caveat on the more doubtful theories and ideas. The outsider may rashly assume that the Catholic Church is an imposing monolith where commands are ceaselessly handed down from the top to the bottom, but he is dead wrong. No intellectual passions are greater than theological passions, and they continue to clash within the Church with enormous vehemence. The Church insists on intellectual growth, and growth *is* change. Catholic thinkers have often borrowed ideas from outside sources. Aristotle, in a certain sense, is a "Father of the Church." The Catholic Bishop of Berlin has attributed many Catholic theological insights to Evangelical sources. In an address to journalists several years ago Pope Pius XII spoke valiantly of the iron necessity of the "open word within the Church" without which the Church cannot remain free and vigorous.

During the last eight years of the

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Pontificate, however, the brakes were put on various theological currents and views. While admitting the new if it contains lasting values, the Church never embraces the new for its own sake. In the Encyclical *Humani Generis,* issued in 1950, a score of new theological trends were censored, causing dismay both inside and outside the Church. Few people seem to have understood that the Encyclical contains cautions rather than condemnations and that none of the works of the reprimanded theologians was put on the Index.

Another crisis which received world-wide attention was the termination of the interesting experiment of the worker-priests. It was rashly assumed that the initiative of this "crackdown" came from "reactionary Vatican circles." This was by no means the case. The "cry for help" came from French bishops who felt that they could no longer shoulder responsibility for work which, once inspiring, had got out of hand.

Took Middle Course

Pius XII has often been criticized by the more "progressive" elements within the clergy and laity, but actually he steered a cautious middle course. It would be impossible to put him down either as a "conservative" or a "liberal." The Church owes him many "liberal" innovations such as the bylaws pertaining to interdenominational meetings, conferences and debates, the privilege (granted in Europe) to married ministers who have embraced the Catholic faith to become priests and to stay married in the full sense of the term, the strong liberalization of the regulations of fast applying to Holy Communion, the dialogue-Mass practiced in Europe for forty years but approved only two weeks ago. Pius XII pronounced the administration of narcotics to terminal patients licit even if they shorten human lives, and "painless childbirth" not in the least "unchristian." He repeatedly exhorted religious orders to devote themselves to "worldly" tasks and to reform their habits to fit the requirements of the modern age. (The Church being an authoritarian, but not an autocratic organization, the response to these invitations was feeble.) Rigoristic zealots (such as those preaching the eternal damnation of non-Catholics) were severely restrained.

The last eight years of this Pontificate stood under the sign of prudence, with the result that theologians and philosophers from the laity (who usually do not have teaching mandates from the Church and thus are freer in their action) came very much into the foreground. We owe it to Pius XII that women now can receive the doctor's degree in Sacred Theology.

A True Humanitarian

The late Holy Father was an eminently human person with a tremendous popular appeal. He was a real humanitarian whose heart went out to the oppressed and persecuted. With the possible exception of General Franco, nobody did more in World War II to save Jewish lives. He had a lively interest in the well-being of the working class and acknowledged in 1952 that the worker, with the exception of a few undeveloped areas, had been emancipated and "deproletarianized." He was always happy to receive non-Catholics; the visits of Protestant bishops or Protestant royalty delighted him. He enjoyed the music of Jascha Heifetz and movies like *The Little World of Don Camillo,* whose star, Fernandel, he enthusiastically acclaimed in a private audience.

Now this 261st successor of Peter is no more. His fatherly heart has ceased to beat, and Catholics are praying not only for the repose of the soul of their Saintly Pastor, but also for the aid of the Holy Spirit in the selection of another pope. Never in history have darker clouds assembled around the Rock of Peter.

It is impossible to foretell what the forthcoming conclave will produce. Although even in 1939 there was a general desire for the sake of the Church's catholicity to end the series of Italian popes who have reigned since the death of Hadrian VI, the personality of Secretary of State Pacelli was so strong, the relationships between the Vatican and the Quirinal so delicate, that the moment to break with the Italian tradition had not come. Today the universality of the Church is infinitely more pronounced: native and independent hierarchies have sprung up all over the globe, and the Catholics of Italy are a bare 10 per cent of the total Catholic population.

This does not mean that there would not be distinct advantages in having another Italian Pope, and these advantages are greater than some of the internationalists in the Catholic camp believe. Yet the informed *vox populi* in Europe has rather concrete notions about who the next Pope should be. It wishes to see the end of the Italian reign; it wants a relatively young and vigorous man, who combines theological knowledge with world-wide experience and an understanding of the East-West conflict; it realizes that a "neutral" national background is preferable to citizenship of a larger power. Thus Germans, Americans, Spaniards, Frenchmen do not qualify. Among the Cardinals of smaller nationalities the favorite—without any doubt—seems to be Gregory Peter XV Agagianian, Patriarch of the Catholics of the Armenian Rite, who, born in Asia, came to Rome for the first time as a boy. Nobody among the Cardinals would better personify the catholicity of the Church. Though little is known about this saintly and brilliant man who is in his early sixties, he is a living symbol for many a Catholic. And since Pius X has been canonized, his remark about the eleven year old Agagianian—"This small Armenian boy one day will render great services to the Church"—cannot be entirely ignored by the Cardinals in conclave; nor, perhaps, can his sudden appointment to the important post in the "Propaganda" in place of the deceased Cardinal Stritch. The elevation of the bearded Patriarch, a son of one of the most brutally persecuted races in the world, to the dignity of a Vicar of Christ would be a real revolution in the annals of the Church.

Whatever the outcome may be, the choice of the Cardinals will be joyfully accepted by all Catholics, but thousands will pray for the election of the fatherly man from the high mountains of Asia whom they have neither seen nor heard but who magically appeals to their imagination.

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THE IVORY TOWER

William Frank Buckley: 1881-1958

The vital statistics are that he grew up in Texas, and as the oldest son undertook, upon the premature death of his father, to look after the health and welfare of his mother, and the education of his three brothers and two sisters. He did this, and educated himself at the University of Texas by teaching Spanish, which he had mastered while living as a boy on the frontier. He went to Mexico to practice law, and saw the revolution against the benevolent and autocratic Porfirio Diaz, and what followed in its wake: and learned, and never forgot, his distrust of the revolutionary ideology.

There are not many alive who knew him then, but those who did remember keenly the intelligence, the wit, the largeheartedness and —always—the high principle, which brought him a singular eminence in the community. That eminence the American government repeatedly acknowledged, as when three successive Secretaries of State called on him for guidance; as when the Wilson Administration offered him the civil governorship of Vera Cruz (he refused indignantly); as when the Mexican government appointed him counsel at the ABC Conference in Niagara; as when he was called by the Senate Foreign Relations Committee as the premier American expert on the tangled affairs of Mexico. And in 1921, the end of the line: exile from Mexico. At that, he was lucky. For he had indeed materially aided a counterrevolutionary movement. The fact that the counterrevolutionists were decent men, and those in power barbarians, does not alter the political reality, which is that it is a very dangerous business indeed to back an unsuccessful insurrection: and he knew it, and barely escaped with his skin.

He had married, and had three children, and would have seven more, all ten of whom survive him. He launched a business in Venezuela, and his fortunes fluctuated. But as children we were never aware of his tribulations. We knew only that the world revolved about him, and that whether what we needed was a bicycle, or an excuse to stay away from school for a day, or the answer to an anguished personal problem, he was there to fill the need: and when he thought the need exorbitant, or improper, he would, by a word, bring us gently to earth. He worshipped three earthly things: learning, beauty, and his family. He satisfied his lust for the first by reading widely, and by imposing on his lawless brood an unusual pedagogical regimen. The second impulse he gratified by a meticulous attention to every shrub, every stick of furniture that composed his two incomparable homes. The third he served by a constant, inexplicit tenderness to his wife and children of which the many who witnessed it have not, they say, often seen the like.

In his anxiety for the well-being of his country his three passions fused. Here in America was the beauty, the abundance, that he revered; here in the political order was the fruit of centuries of learning; here his wife, and his ten children, and his 31 grandchildren, would live, as long as he lived, and years after. So he encouraged us to stand by our country and our principles. To his encouragement, moral and material, this magazine owes its birth and early life. It was only two weeks ago that, crippled and convalescent in Austria, he registered, in turn, joy, and indignation, and amusement, and sadness, as his wife read aloud to him from the latest issue of this chronicle of America's glories and misadventures.

My father died last week at 77, and we take leave of him in the pages of the journal which had become his principal enthusiasm. We pray God his spirited soul to keep.

W. F. B. Jr.: For the family

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From the Academy

RUSSELL KIRK

The Industrial-Arts Boondoggle

Some few weeks ago, a young lion of Teachers College, Columbia University, backtracked a trifle. He came out against studies in sand-pouring. The "extremists" in the Progressive Education movement, he declared, had brought discredit upon the wonderful accomplishments of Progressivism by certain flighty projects, among them the sand-pouring studies. But the great bulk of the work of the Progressive movement, he insisted, was sound and true. In particular, he commended the spreading of "industrial arts" courses to nearly every public school; this was true Progress.

There are three favorites in the seraglio of the educational bureaucrat: Physical Education ("thirty minutes for play and relaxation, and I don't want to see any shirking"); Homemaking; and Industrial Arts, formerly called manual training. To Homemaking, or home economics, I plan to devote this page on another occasion. Just now I propose to toy with that charmer, Industrial Arts. To judge by the criteria promulgated by most of the accrediting associations, nothing in any school's curriculum is essential but these three.

Yet they are boondoggles. Of the three, industrial arts is, or are, the most beloved of the progressive educationist at this moment. It is "practical," and "modern," and "fits young people for a technological age." Also it is beloved of the manufacturers of wood lathes, for nowadays the great majority of new wood lathes are sold to schools.

Recently I talked with an intelligent, and disgusted, superintendent of schools. He himself was formerly an industrial designer, and he knows industrial arts from the inside, both within industry and within the schools. The teaching of "industrial arts," or manual training, he told me, was a complete waste of time and money, though he is compelled to offer the subject in his high school. "The boys who pass that course, nearly all of them, learn nothing but how to nail four boards together and call the thing a table or a cupboard. School simply isn't the place to learn a craft. With thirty boys in a class, twenty-seven watch while three take their turns at the lathes. Some never touch the lathes all term. Mechanical drawing! They never catch on. Any employer has to teach them from scratch all over again. What they learn in school isn't merely insufficient; it's all wrong."

Now, I suspect that the educationists who sing the song of praise for industrial arts are not themselves accomplished artisans. They look upon the subject in the abstract, and measure a school's standing in terms of how big the lathes are, and how new. But I never have encountered any young man who really got anything out of the average high-school industrial-arts course.

I speak here of the average course in the average school. In some large cities, there are craft or technical high schools, managed and taught by specialists and attended by students with a particular talent for the work, which are worthy of the name. Paradoxically, some of these schools even do a better job of preparing students for college than does the average "academic" high school; for they have not fallen into the pit of "social studies" and the like: they must still teach genuine mathematics, and what history and literature they do teach is taught fairly thoroughly, on the assumption that this is all their students will ever learn of such subjects, and that therefore a decent job must be done.

But the usual industrial-arts program in the academic school, and the curriculum of the *average* technical high school, amount to a boondoggle. Nor can it be otherwise. One cannot learn any craft properly by spending only two or three hours a week at it, in a room with thirty or forty other students, for only one year. Most of the hour, for that matter, is spent in getting the class under way, and in cleaning up the mess afterward; the actual time spent in working is perhaps twenty minutes.

I am aware of the arguments advanced in defense of "industrial arts." There are boys whose bent is toward crafts and mechanics, not toward literary, philosophical, and scientific disciplines: very true. There are other boys, and girls, whose bent is toward nothing at all, but who apparently would do better spending their time at some potentially gainful manual trade than at anything else: very true. Yet the solution lies not in turning the school into a hive of industry—which is impossible anyway—but rather in releasing to apprenticeship programs, for all or part of the day, those students who seem to have the talents of craftsmen, and who desire to begin such work. Despite all our "industrial arts" programs, our supply of genuine craftsmen and artisans sinks lower yearly. A principal reason for this decay is the decline of the ancient and sound system of apprenticeship.

The best teachers of industrial arts are industrial artisans themselves; and most of these would be glad to have intelligent apprentices. These students would be released from what—to most of them—is the boredom of most "academic" studies, beyond the eighth or the ninth grade.

The opposition to this reform or restoration comes from two quarters: the parents (or many of them), and the unions (or most of them). We have become a snobbish nation, despite our protestations of egalitarianism; and many parents think that their children all ought to be junior executives, regardless of their tastes or talents. The unions, on the other hand, still infected by depression-born fears of "not enough work to go round," usually resent any suggestion that they might perform a genuine educational service to the community by cooperating in apprenticeship programs. To them I venture to suggest that if they wish to regain some of the public esteem which they have so terribly lost in recent years, there could be no better way to go about it than this.

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Intolerable?

WILLMOORE KENDALL

We stand constantly in the presence these days of a mode of argument that runs as follows: Proposition X, or Propositions X and Y, or Propositions X, Y and Z, if valid, would force certain conclusions that are *intolerable*. The propositions in question are, therefore, *not* valid; and the view of reality that has tended to make them seem plausible, or attractive, or unavoidable, must be a *false* view of reality. The task, therefore, becomes that of substituting for that false view of reality *another* view of reality which will yield up propositions whose tolerability we are entitled to take for granted because it does not lead to the conclusions declared intolerable. Nor do we require any criterion by which to evaluate this other view of reality than just that: we embrace it, *and all the tacit premises and clear implications* that go with it, because it assures us a means of escaping the intolerable.

X, Y and Z are, for this mode of argument, any variant of the following propositions: 1) The Soviet Union and World Communism must be destroyed because otherwise they will spread over the entire surface of the earth. 2) The great issue of our time is that between World Communism and the opposition to World Communism; thus, that between the Soviet Union and the United States. 3) The issues at stake between World Communism and the opposition to World Communism, between the Soviet Union and the United States, are absolute, uncompromisable, save in the short term and on the level of unwarranted optimism, so that an ultimate showdown is, off at the end, unavoidable. 4) World Communism and the Soviet Union are not going to change in such fashion as to make that showdown other than unavoidable; and *we* can change in such fashion as to make that showdown other than unavoidable only by ceasing to be all that we have any right to value in ourselves. 5) World Communism and the Soviet Union must, at all costs, be destroyed.

And all these propositions are invalid—so, I repeat, runs the mode of argument I have in mind—because their acceptance leads ineluctably to conclusions that are intolerable; *wherefore* the view of reality that yields them up, that is, the view of the Communists and ourselves that we have entertained up to now, must go by the board. We must move to such-and-such another view of reality, and if someone says of that view of reality that it does not square with the facts, or that it also will lead to a state of affairs that is intolerable, well—and I come now to the major point—well, *we shall just have to take that risk.*

I OVERSIMPLIFY, you say? I exaggerate the weaknesses of the mode of argument in question, you say? No intelligent man would employ any such mode of argument, you say? Well, let's look into the matter a little, so that you can see for yourself that I do not oversimplify (usually the argument is *more* brash, *more* indifferent to patent difficulties, than my schematic representation of it would suggest). I do not exaggerate those difficulties (they cannot be exaggerated). The hard task would be to find a man reputed to be intelligent who is not arguing along these lines (by confusing the extremely disagreeable with the intolerable; by abandoning all traditional notions of what is intolerable to civilized man; by telling any lie necessary about reality, historical *and* moral, in order to bring the argument off; and by insisting that *any* resultant risk, however frightening it used to be considered, is worth taking; and, above all, by ignoring all countervailing argument).

Let us take, for instance, that great and good man, Albert Schweitzer. X, for him, is the proposition that nuclear tests are a necessary part of the general defense against Communism and the Soviet Union. Y is the proposition that the rivalry between the United States and the Soviet Union may well lead to an atomic war. Z is the proposition that a Summit Conference, were one to be held, would accomplish nothing. Acceptance of these propositions, Schweitzer argues in his new book, *Peace or Atomic War* (Holt, $1.50), leads necessarily to consequences that are—yes, just as we were saying, "intolerable." "The Summit Conference must not fail; mankind will not again tolerate failure" (italics, here and below, mine). As for the tests, "We *must not* be responsible for the future birth of thousands of children with the most serious mental and physical defects. . . . Only those who have never been present at the birth of a deformed baby, never witnessed the despair of its mother, dare to maintain that the risk in going on with nuclear tests is one which must be taken under existing circumstances." Taking that risk, in other words, is intolerable. As for atomic war, it would be "the most senseless and lunatic act" that could ever take place, and "at all costs it must be prevented."

Having thus taken his stand, our philosopher-musician-theologian-man-of-science proceeds to tell any lie about reality, about his opponents, about the choices to be made, that suits his book. Those who favor continuance of the tests are deliberately engaging in "propaganda"; are guilty of "complete disregard" of their harmful effects on future generations"

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and of a "lack of compassion"; are conspiring against the "truth."

If the Rapacki proposal were adopted, the "maintenance of peace would be assured," and the "beginning of the end of *the spectre that overshadows the Soviet Union* would become an accomplished fact." The "testing and the use of nuclear weapons carry in themselves *the absolute reasons* for being renounced." As for "what will become of poor Europe if American atomic weapons no longer defend it," that is, what will happen if Europe is delivered to the Soviets —well, "perhaps the Soviet Union is *not quite so malicious* as to think only of throwing itself on Europe . . . and perhaps not quite so unintelligent as to fail to consider whether there would be any advantage in upsetting her stomach with so indigestible a meal." "A Europe standing on its own has *no* reason to despair." To be sure, "East and West are dependent on presupposing a certain reciprocal trust in one another," and "we live in a time when the good faith of peoples is doubted more than ever before"; *but* "We *cannot* continue in this paralyzing mistrust."

Not even when the mistrust is clearly justified by the facts? Well, "another spirit must enter into the people." And therefore *will* enter into them? It will "if the awareness of its necessity suffices to give us strength to believe in its coming." Will it? Well, "We must presuppose the awareness of this need in all the peoples who have suffered along with us. . . . [We] must rediscover the fact that we—all together—are human beings, and . . . concede to each other what moral capacity we have. . . . Then there will arise the need for a new spirit which can be the beginning of a feeling of mutual trustworthiness. . . ."

Suppose that feeling does not arise? No answer, save that which is between the lines of every page: this is a risk you have to take, because the alternative is "intolerable." Not just very unpleasant, and perhaps less unpleasant than the predictable results of taking the risk? No, indeed.

In a word: the spread of the Communist movement over the entire world, *never once mentioned by Dr. Schweitzer as a possibility*, much less as *the* possibility that haunts the minds of his opponents, is "tolerable" in some sense in which the possibilities he stresses are *not* "tolerable."

These are, I repeat, lies, and Dr. Schweitzer is —not a liar, for to say that would be to say he knows better —a purveyor of falsehoods. But the intellectual crime to which I wish to direct attention is far less the misrepresentation of reality, which I deem to be derivative, than the playing of games with the word "intolerable," and the resultant rejection of the role of the intelligent and courageous man in history—that is, the careful and responsible weighing of the goods and evils among which man is free to choose. For to reject that role is to refuse to be free.

Dr. Dewey and Dr. Faustus

STEPHEN J. TONSOR

When, as a young instructor, John Dewey came to the University of Michigan in 1889 he moved into a large and dignified house on a street shaded by tall oaks and open to the sun only in the late afternoons of autumn. Today the street has changed. The sun shines in implacably all through the summer and the wind catches up the dirt and refuse of the encroaching campus business district and drifts them into anarchic heaps. The house, once spacious and ample, has been cut up into mean and dilapidated apartments and the lower story has been converted into a Beer-Vault. Pragmatism, naturalism and the democratic process have undone the memory which even poor poets and philosophers deserve of their fellow men.

***John Dewey*—". . . *charmed circle of hazardous simplifications and distortions.*"**

George R. Geiger in his book *John Dewey in Perspective* (Oxford, $5.50), attempts to restore this memory on the occasion of the centennial of the birth of America's "good gray philosopher." It is a strangely defensive book to mark a centennial, and despite its piety and Panglossian cheerfulness it obviously marks the end of an era rather than celebrates a triumph.

No one will deny that John Dewey meant well. Probably no modern philosopher had such elevated prejudices; was so charmingly unsophisticated or so childishly naive. Those who have espoused his philosophy in whole or in part usually mean well, too, if they mean anything at all. Professor Geiger is no exception.

The use of the aesthetic experience as a key to the meaning of Dewey's philosophy provides a novel and imaginative introduction to a body of ideas often presented in the same flat and dogmatic style as that which characterized Dewey's own writing. Professor Geiger's style is direct and his meaning is clear. All too often, however, the style reflects the piety of the votary rather than the analysis of the philosopher.

But no matter how novel the introduction, we are soon back to Dewey's charmed circle of hazardous simplifications and distortions. We are repeatedly promised that the use of the experimental method will produce "values." Professor Geiger acknowledges that these values have been slow in coming and that we may have to wait a while for their emergence. Christian philosophers have for a thousand years insisted with Dewey that it is impossible to *divorce* value from experience—but this is quite different from saying that values have *their origin* in experience. No experience conceived totally in naturalistic terms can be normative. Without the action of

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Grace and right reason no condition of the past has the right to bind the generations of the present and the future. Ultimately for the naturalistic philosopher every norm of aesthetics, ethics and logic must bow to the relativism which besets action and process. It may be true that "Pragmatism is a way of getting along without a philosophy." It is absolutely certain that it is a way of getting along without the past.

Dewey's philosophy in the long run is incapable of exerting a permanent influence. It was too consciously tentative, too unsophisticated, too bound up with the simple positivism of the late nineteenth century. His ethical enthusiasms, his devotion to a goodness and kindliness *which he could not philosophically justify* disqualify him from speaking to an age of iron.

FAR MORE threatening because of their philosophical and historical finesse are the ideas described by H. Stuart Hughes in his book *Consciousness and Society, The Reorientation of European Social Thought, 1890-1930* (Knopf, $6.00).

Professor Hughes has all the virtues and many of the vices of his profession. He is scrupulously honest. He is disciplined and discriminating. He finds it hard to reach conclusions, and while he is a conservative by nature he prefers the tentative and the neutral. He repeatedly uses the words "ambivalent" and "ambiguous" in contexts which make his admiration for these attitudes all too clear. But he possesses a critical intelligence in the sense that he understands and can clearly establish what the course of thought has been.

What Professor Hughes has given us is intellectual history in the grand style. In a narrow sense he treats of the development of social-science methodology. In a wider and more important sense he discusses the intellectual formation of our age. The development of historical method in the generation from 1890-1930 has been characterized by growing versatility and creativity accompanied by growing relativism and ambiguity. Essentially the same processes have been at work in our society, and while Professor Hughes recognizes what has happened he refuses to admit its implications.

His treatment of the work of Thomas Mann is particularly indicative of this attitude. Mann recognized where the relativism, the dedication to creative act divorced from rational, aesthetic or ethical norms was taking our civilization. Mann touched on this problem in his work, particularly in his long philosophical novel, *The Magic Mountain.* The solution in *The Magic Mountain* was tentative, no more; and when Thomas Mann finally arrived at a solution in *Dr. Faustus,* it was, at least in the context of his novel, too late to save his homeland and of questionable value to his age.

Mann tells us quite clearly that our age has sold its soul to the devil. We may build as many social-science "models" as we wish; we can wallow in the "free-floating" relativism of our academies and institutes for behavioral science; we can divorce art from value and life from principle; we can tantalize our minds with formally satisfying but spiritually hollow history and literature: but if we do, we must pay the price in personal corruption and cultural disintegration.

There has not been a stronger indictment of our valueless age than *Dr. Faustus;* yet Professor Hughes, hiding behind the 1930 terminal date of his study, fobs us off with the liberalism of Settembrini in *The Magic Mountain.* The virtues which survive the holocaust produced in *Dr. Faustus* by diabolical creativity are not those of Settembrini. They are the values of Serenus Zeitblom, bourgeois, Roman Catholic and annoyingly conservative.

Demon of the Perverse

JOHN CHAMBERLAIN

ROBERT PHELPS' *Heroes and Orators* (McDowell, Obolensky, $3.75) is the most promising first novel I have read in years. It has sensibility, it has depth, the writing has a beautiful lucidity, and the author has a most accurate eye and ear for traits of character. Unfortunately, the book is marred—or perhaps limited is the right word—by the author's one-sided idea of what constitutes the nature of truth. Mr. Phelps, who puts a younger version of himself into his story under the *nom de guerre* of Roger Becket, has rigorously excluded many facets of his own variegated nature from the narrative.

He insists on telling the worst about himself, never the best. This passion for confession, almost religious in its intensity, would make a heel of anyone, even a saint. But Mr. Phelps is no heel; he is, as everyone who has read his perceptive literary criticism knows, a man of acute aesthetic and moral intuitions. He is a good man who perversely insists on portraying himself as a semi-delinquent. Jonathan Edwards, the old Puritan divine, knew all about this urge when he roasted his parishioners metaphorically over the fires of hell in the historical period known, ridiculously, as the Great Awakening. For myself, I have always thought of this interlude in the story of American theology as the Last Great Sleep.

Consider Mr. Phelps' rigging for his tale. His Roger Becket, age twenty-six, has reached that time in a young marriage when doubts about compatibility, even love, first creep in. The uneasiness about the marriage vows is complicated by the wife's first pregnancy. Mr. Becket is not ready for fatherhood, nor for any other phase of maturity. He is the Concupiscent Man, ready to test the validity of Shakespeare's definition of indiscriminate lust "in action" as an "expense of spirit in a waste of shame." In the back of his mind he knows that infidelity can and probably will be shameful—but the demon of the perverse in his make-up insists that the dubious experiment be made.

The object of Roger Becket's concupiscent itch is a girl named Elizabeth who has come to live with a neighbor, Margot, who has a frustrated need to mother something. Elizabeth lacks the moral sense of Don Marquis' Mehitabel, who at least had a taste in tomcats. Aesthetically, however, Elizabeth is a pleasant object; she has the bloom of adolescence, which covers a multitude of emptinesses. Roger aches for her—but, no

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man of "action," he aches from afar. What he demonstrably needs is a procurer—and the candidate for such a role happens to be at hand in the person of Gib Rumly, a lout from back-home-in-Ohio who has come to the Catskills to fasten himself on Becket, his cousin by adoption.

The portrait of Gib, as done in Roger Becket's smooth narration, is little short of marvelous in its representation of reptilian life. Gib is a creature of absolutely unrestrained appetites—the flesh made "rampant," as Becket puts it. As a man of uninhibited action, Gib is a "hero" for Roger Becket to "orate" about. But Gib is also a man who cries aloud for a judgment—and Becket, in his own deplorable spiritual state of the moment, is not able to pronounce the judgment which would have set his horrifying "cousin" packing. Instead, he falls in with Gib's purposes, which, as Trotsky once said of Czar Nicholas' diaries, never rise above the level of the physiological. Food, alcohol, sex and the use of his reflexes in hauling cinder blocks in his truck or playing pingpong for money at the bar known as the Flying Fish are what bound Gib's world. As one of the onlookers observes, Gib will some day end his career by wrapping his truck around a Catskill tree. And as Gib himself might have said if he could even rise for a moment to pseudo-philosophy, a short life and a merry one, my lads, and let a half-dozen abortionists take the hindmost.

In following Gib around the Catskill scene, Roger Becket does some first-rate virtuoso writing about a fascinating countryside. Gib lives for the reader with an intensity that is as strong as it is repellent. The story has the outward trappings of a beat generation chronicle: it goes from bar to bar, from brawl to brawl, from movie house to movie house, and from bed to bed, in a routine that has become standard with practically every young American writer who has read *The Sun Also Rises*. But this is only the surface of *Heroes and Orators;* underneath the beat-generation beat of the prose, Mr. Phelps is obviously trying to pose a problem of a spiritual nature.

Mr. Phelps' intention is never quite realized for the simple reason that his *alter ego* and narrator, Roger Becket, fails to carry the story through to a period of assessment, repentance and presumably deserving absolution. The Catskill reservoir which appears briefly in Mr. Phelps' tale might serve as a symbol of the author's failure to clinch his meaning. On the surface of the reservoir all is smooth, glinting, and in order. But deep in the murky depths there are the drowned orchards, the rotting porches and the water-logged remains of farm out-buildings. Mr. Phelps' judgment of the lost homesteads and farmlands is that human frailty must always be victimized by the universe. But the full human story is never to be told solely in terms of its losses; life is always a mixed affair. And Mr. Phelps is certainly more than Roger Becket, the *alter ego* narrator, ever allows his drowned creator to be.

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Studded with Quotations

ERNEST VAN DEN HAAG

Scholars and educators have long maintained that the "great books"—a substitute for knowledge promoted by Mortimer Adler—produce ignorance studded with quotations. If proof was needed, it is provided in *The Capitalist Manifesto* by Louis O. Kelso and Mortimer J. Adler (Random House, $3.75).

The authors give evidence of having read Aristotle and parts of Adam Smith and Karl Marx. Neither seems familiar with economics as it has been developed since, although some naive misunderstandings of Lord Keynes are displayed. This shared innocence has enabled Mr. Kelso to discover all for himself (and Mr. Adler solemnly to hail as a revelation) that "What appears to be the increasing productiveness of labor is *not* the increasing productiveness of labor but the increasing productiveness of capital." Yet any economics textbook could have told them this. Surely no one ever seriously maintained that increases in the production of hourly passenger miles per pilot are due to greater efforts by pilots (labor); everyone knows that they are due to faster and bigger planes (capital). It takes stupendous gall to write a book presuming that no one had figured out as much.

Although increases in productivity have quite largely come about with more investment of technologically improved capital goods, contrary to Messrs. Kelso and Adler neither capital nor labor "produces" the increased output, which cannot be imputed to any specific input element. The output is a joint product of all input factors. To be sure, it cannot be produced without capital, but neither can it without labor or, for that matter, without land. The economic premise of the authors is wrong. Interestingly, the "logic" employed is pretty much the same as that of Marx and, before him, of the physiocrats: define one input element as the most (or only) productive one (land for the physiocrats; labor for Marx; capital for Kelso and Adler) and conclude that it ought to get most, or all, of the product.

Marx (not to speak of the physiocrats) had much better excuses, however. He reasoned from the labor theory of value then generally accepted. And though he was wrong, his errors were interesting and instructive for they suggested what was wrong with the then prevailing theory—they did not, like the errors of Kelso and Adler, arise from ignorance of it: *e.g.*, Kelso and Adler are not aware of the revolution in value theory which makes it impossible to maintain *any* input theory of value.

As for the actual reform proposals of Messrs. Kelso and Adler, they attribute to unions and the tax system a fanciful degree of income redistribution and, in turn, propose to

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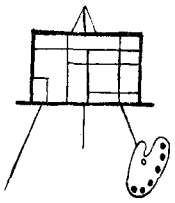
make this unnecessary—to give capital owners their rightful 90 per cent of the national income—by making everyone a capitalist through redistribution of capital. It is hard to see how this is to be achieved without the government control which the authors oppose—particularly since everybody is to be assured a "viable income" (?) and people ought to have leisure to read the great books. The resources for this are to be produced via "automation"—a magic word that does as much in the authors' imagination as "socialism" does in the Marxist imagination. This is where we came in and it is time to leave.

Art

Diligence Unrewarded



PETER CRUMPET

THREE YEARS ago it occurred to me, as it does about twice a month, that I was an exceedingly ignorant person. The subject of my ignorance this time was modern art, particularly in the surrealist, abstract and cubistic areas. And with the resolution which I also make about twice a month I determined to educate myself.

Uncharacteristically, this resolution persisted. I read some books. I haunted the Museum of Modern Art at every visit to New York. I stood owlishly in front of works for half an hour at a time, expecting that eventually I would register the same ecstasy as that registered on the faces of two fifteen-year-old girls whose evident fascination for these twisted pieces of wire and asymmetrical configurations fascinated me.

But all to no avail. After an hour or two of frustration, I habitually repaired to the Frick Museum, there to ease my eyes with El Greco's Saint Jerome, or to sit in the patio, listening to the tinkle of the fountain and the tinkling of chamber music.

I was a failure, no doubt about it. My efforts simply did not help me enjoy squares and circles, splotches, and blank, chromatic fields, any more than I had before. I used to find myself looking at the uncommonly good-looking women who, in their turn, were looking at uncommonly ugly works, and marveling again at the perfect hand of God.

This failure weighed on me for awhile. It is never pleasant to feel left out, and there is no denying the fact that there are some sensibilities which react compulsively to what I would call cold distortions of the art form. Real love for such an art can be discovered in most unusual places. A dancer and choreographer I know in Madrid, who wails daily at the degeneration of classical Spanish dance, is left speechless with aesthetic delight at the most recondite work of an unknown abstractionist. I ask him how, and why. He shakes his head. "It is pure," he says. When I say that I can't see it, he answers: "That is because you don't get sensuous enjoyment from pure color. You tend to prefer form, and composition."

This from a classicist in dancing! And a lover of Bach to boot. But he may be right. Perhaps one cannot argue an aesthetic delight. Perhaps there are simply different kinds of sensibilities, and there exists an anarchy of appreciation.

I wouldn't, however, be writing these words if I thought it were so. I happen to think there is a fundamental reason why "free" art is not art at all, and why one is justified in declaring that a person who is an amateur of this kind of thing lacks knowledge of the substance of art, and has, aesthetically speaking, no *right* to enjoy it.

TO BEGIN with, let us recall that there are three major art forms—the graphic arts (painting and sculpture); the arts of verbal or, if you will, conceptual communication (prose, fiction and poetry); and finally the purely abstract art of music. These distinct art forms may overflow into each other. The ballet is an example. Opera is another. By risking some objections, we may generalize that the three art forms excel by virtue of the excellence which is achieved within the limitations of the form. A poem which is so expertly contrived that it performs its primary functions of communication and interpretation, while at the same time conveying the tones of music or the graphic representation of a painting, earns for itself the niche of genius. Such is the organ grandeur of Milton, or the brilliant brushwork of Keats.

But when one of these arts tends to deny the limitations of its form, then it produces a distortion; a monster. An inevitable development is anarchy, and Art is the antithesis of anarchy. The cornerstone of Art is discipline.

When literature is all graphic—like the pre-Raphaelites and the shortlived Imagists—it is a failure. When it is all sound, like Swinburne and much of Thomas Wolfe, it sticks to the maw. When it is all obfuscations, and "literary," like too many of our modern poets and fictionists, it is a graduate school variation on the crossword puzzle. It is not literature. When literature denies its roots, when it forgets that it is the art form of communication, perversions result, and the anarchy that we have witnessed for thirty-five years reigns.

When painting ceases to recognize its graphic roots, when it is all color or all design or all subjective conception, it repudiates the very tension which is its mode of being—the action of the artist struggling within the limitations of his art form, and producing, despite these limitations, a work that, while grounded in representation, becomes interpretive. To simply ignore the obligations of the form one has chosen is a caprice. It is as arrogant, ill-humored and foolish as the West Point Colonel who, when rebuked for his conduct of a maneuver, retorts: "Well, I'm not the soldierly type." If he isn't a soldier, what is he doing in the army? If a man will not accept the responsibilities and penalties of painting, why is he fussing with pigments?

There is no need to belabor the subject. Suffice it to say, my resolution now is not to worry about "free" art, since I deny that it is art

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at all. If other people like it, fine. We all have our eccentricities. I like Westerns. I like a whole lot more to go to the Modern Museum in New York and watch the perfectly scrumptious young ladies who stand entranced before smudges. So long as God is still at work, all is not lost.

BOOKS IN BRIEF

LABOR UNIONS AND PUBLIC POLICY, by Edward H. Chamberlin, Philip D. Bradley, Gerard D. Reilly, and Roscoe Pound (American Enterprise Association, $4.50). Up to a few years ago, it was generally assumed—by intellectuals and others—that to be an intellectual *was* to be a drumbeater for unions, and consequently it was almost impossible to find scholarly works critical of the union movement. Recently, the tide has begun to turn, and the American Enterprise Association—unique as a truly independent-minded and courageous economic research agency—has played an important role in this change. Here, it binds together four of its recent pamphlets on unionism, all contributing to a much-needed reappraisal. Roscoe Pound's exposé of the undue legal privileges of unions has already become famous, and Professor Bradley offers an excellent economic analysis of unionism and the specious arguments against "the free rider." The only weak spot is the confused lead article by Professor Chamberlin.

M. N. ROTHBARD

SATELLITES, ROCKETS, AND OUTER SPACE, by Willy Ley (New American Library, 35 cents). This collection of Mr. Ley's newspaper articles is assembled logically rather than chronologically. They are brief and interesting; while there is little information here which cannot be found in larger books—including Mr. Ley's own—credit must be given for a very nice job of presentation in bite-sized servings. The first three parts contain historical and technical information, items dealing with weightlessness, gravity screens, Russian and American missiles (apparently quite up-to-date), Laika's contribution, and space law. The fourth section is largely astronomical: the danger from meteors, the circumlunar rocket, and Mars are sample items. Mr. Ley takes time to settle the "Lunar Bridge" fallacy. Unfortunately there is a technical slip in this part, a bad error in explaining the Poynting-Robertson effect, on page 98. Part Five will annoy the flying saucer enthusiasts, but seems a fair summary of this particular epidemic (Mr. Ley's word). Altogether, enjoyable and informative reading.

H. C. STUBBS

THE CONTENDERS, by John Wain (St. Martin's, $3.95). John Wain is one of Britain's Angry Young Men. Although the subject is now boring, Mr. Wain is not. In his third novel he writes in the first person. The narrator is Joe Shaw, a stout, good-pal of a journalist in a provincial pottery town, who is the friend, schoolmate and buffer between Robert Lamb, who grows up to be a famous artist, and Ned Roper, who becomes a pottery magnate. Between these last two is a rivalry, leading to ridiculous excesses, which dominates their lives. *The Contenders* has much humor and power and recurrent felicity of detail and phrase. Yet, in depth and conviction of characterization it does not completely succeed because Mr. Wain did not initially grasp all the limitations and possibilities of the first-person technique. But one may observe the author learning as the novel progresses. As to the theme, it may be taken to be a further probe of the nature of success. But here success is not phrased in socio-economic terms but in terms of rivalry between personalities and ultimately in terms of self-definition. Wain keeps to human character. This is his strength, and his new book, showing a willingness to experiment and a growth in maturity, is a straight step forward.

E. CASE

LUNACY AND LETTERS, by Gilbert Chesterton (Sheed and Ward, $3.00). Chesterton was the embodiment of one of man's most persistent dreams, a dream particularly dear to Shakespeare—the wise man as a fool. Like King Lear, we can disregard our fool; like Lear, we can go mad. This new collection of essays shows the fool dealing with the pompous nobility of our literary courts. Example: he warns those who confidently explain dreams, myths, and the subconscious to remember the perils of an analysis in which "the soul is both the study and the student. We can analyze a beetle by looking through a microscope, but we cannot analyze a beetle by looking through a beetle." This is a joke. It is also one of the principal proofs of the immateriality, hence of the immortality, of the soul. The book, as a whole, is an analogous "proof"—that man's lively humor is the sign of his living soul.

G. WILLS

Random Notes

Arthur Miller's new play, which opens in New York December 18, will star—you guessed it—Marilyn Monroe.

New American Library announces one of the most ambitious projects yet launched in low-priced paperbacks. Under the guidance of Giorgio de Santillana, Professor of History and Philosophy of Science at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, a series of books constituting a history of scientific thought from the fifth century B.C. to the twentieth century will be issued this fall.

With the announcement that on November 1 Irving Kristol (at present co-editor of *Encounter*) will become editor of the *Reporter*, while Max Ascoli, the present editor, becomes editor-in-chief and publisher, observers are wondering what will happen to the *Reporter's* editorial policy when Kristol's sharp anti-Communism comes into conflict with Ascoli's ritualistic liberalism.

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To the Editor

Mr. Butler's Kind of Enemy

On a recent telecast the topics of the day were debated by Republican Chairman Meade Alcorn and Democratic Chairman Paul Butler. Never was Frank Meyer's "Profile of the Establishment" [Oct. 11] more realistically portrayed than it was by Mr. Butler on this program.

When Mr. Butler was queried about the internal racial problem he responded with emotion that he would "fight" if necessary for the oppressed.

The next topic of the day—Quemoy-Matsu. How did Mr. Butler feel about these islands? Was he ready and willing to fight against atheistic Communism? With eyes downcast the "liberal" Mr. Butler floundered like a small boy caught with his grimy fingers in the jam.

Chinese in the U.S. do not swing elections.

Lakeland, Fla. ELIZABETH WESTCOTT

The Army Finds a Friend

I had hoped that NATIONAL REVIEW editors would not be taken in by Air Corps propaganda—on missiles this time ["The Week," Oct. 11]. I refer to your remarks about private enterprise, *i.e.*, Douglas Aircraft, *i.e.*, Air Corps Thor and non-private enterprise, *i.e.*, Army Jupiter. Jupiter is an old workhorse, versatile and reliable, but when it was condemned the funds for it fell to a trickle. Even von Braun can't do much without money. I think we should remember that the Army exists on nine billion dollars while the Air Corps limps complainingly on 19 billion. Just how "bold and production-minded" would Douglas Aircraft be without fat Air Corps *contracts*?

After the war it was the Army that collected the German scientist group and the V-2 expert himself. I remember well the flutter "operation paperclip" created; everybody including the State Department tried to kill the whole scheme. For once the Army won, and von Braun and associates came to this country and worked quietly under the auspices of the Army. While Air Chief Vandenberg was presenting the Air Corps case for more money for faster planes "for a quick getaway," the Army was telling anybody who would listen that the manned airplane was obsolete. It claimed it had a missile which could shoot right out of the air anything the Air Corps wanted to send up. Nobody listened, of course, and the sister service saw to it back in 1952-53 that Army's Nike A wasn't going to get a chance to prove it. The almighty Air Corps was not going to extinction like the Army's horse cavalry. The Army begged the Air Corps in vain for a drone to prove that Nike could "follow and shoot any plane out of the sky within 65 miles." . . .

Months later a drone *was* obtained and Nike tested at Redstone with brilliant success. Publicity was meager: a thing like this can be stultified by marking the news top secret. And, since this ballistic missile was not created by private enterprise and had no place outside the military, there was no advertising. At any rate, the Air Corps, to save itself from extinction, moved into the missile picture with its usual fat appropriations. . . .

Despite its second-class standing, the Army delivers when the chips are down. The Explorer saved our face after Vanguard flopped. Nike Hercules is sent to Formosa. (Whatever happened to those vaunted *sub*sonic Matadors the Air Corps sent there last year?) Jupiter was operational when Thor was in the planning stage. . . .

Meriden, N. H. MARY THIELEN

Godspeed, Father Halton!

Many thanks for your kind words for our loved Father Halton ["Ivory Tower, Oct. 11]. There should have been much, much more of the same and louder. . . . Shall we just add one more casualty to the list?

New York City MRS. SUSAN STEINHAUER

I read with interest "The Ivory Tower" but to me the animosity shown toward Father Halton is not too mys-

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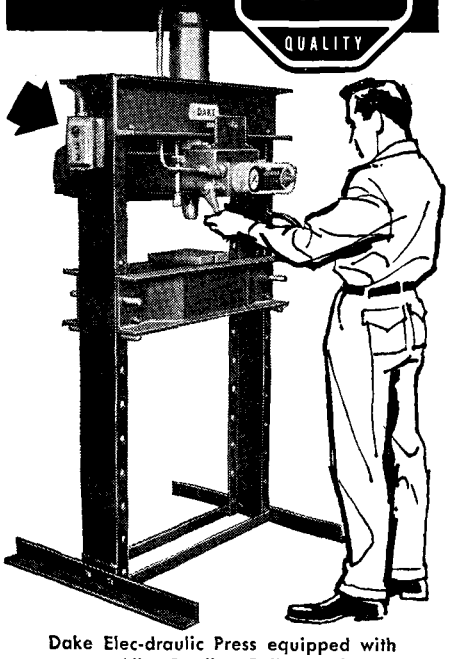

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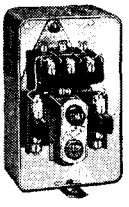

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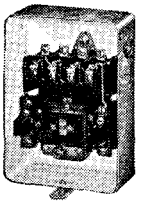

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Clarksdale, Miss. MONEY LUCKETT

A Safe Bet

I'll bet you a lunch at the nearest chowder house [and a round trip ticket to Peru?] you can't guess what antediluvian, troglodytical reactionary said this:

"The right to work is a man's most sacred possession and any law that tampers with it violates a natural right and should be treated as null and void."

For answer, turn page upside down:

181.

the Revolution, Anchor Edition, page Tocqueville in *The Old Régime and* got who ghosted it. Quoted by de reign, about 1776. Probably was Tur- Louis XVI, apparently early in his

Lima, Peru DAVID E. FRIERSON

Costa Rican Politics

On page 99 of your August 2 issue you mention José Figueres as leader of the opposition party in Costa Rica. The latest information I have is that he was head of the Government in Costa Rica. Has there been a change? If so, when?

Tulsa, Okla. JULIAN E. WILLIAMS

Mario Echandi of the National Union Party was elected President on February 2, 1958, defeating José Figueres' party. ED.

Detail and the Novelist

A wise man once said that one should never destroy a thing because he cannot see the use of it. Only when one has seen its use can one judge whether it is outmoded. Yet Hugh Kenner ["Samuel Beckett *vs.* Fiction," Oct. 11] praises Beckett for breaking this rule. Taking one result of the novel's expansive character—its accumulation of detail—Mr. Kenner decides that no one has ever understood the use of such trivia. He then praises Beckett for his nihilistic realization that such trivia have no use, and so are a kind of absolute. Mr. Beckett sits and lets trivia silt up unsorted in his mind, baring the essence of the novel and making any further attempt at it an arrogant presumption.

Had he started at the center instead of with peripheral matters, Mr. Kenner would have noticed why Tolstoi shapes sensuous details and Dostoievski ignores the outer world, why Dickens stares at knockers until they become gargoyles and strange grotesques. He would have known, as did these artists, the uses which external detail can serve in fiction. But Mr. Kenner, who has scored so ably against the game of modern criticism, finds one of the "gimmicks" our modern exegetes love. A catalogue in Defoe proves that the commercial spirit (equivocally called "humanism") made men hug possessions in the novel. This makes the endless catalogues of Beckett a parody on every novel ever written.

Mr. Kenner now expects his hero to wreak such havoc on the drama, and "bring down" Williams and Miller. The critic who feels that Beckett shakes the thrones of Shakespeare and Swift may well feel the need of release from the tyranny of Tennessee Williams! It was interesting to see how Mr. Kenner gave himself the lie: his style, normally so lucid, grew clumsy and opaque as he tried to make deftness and clarity the mark of Beckett.

New Haven, Conn. WILLIAM ROMAN

The Executive: Not So Crazy

As a sufferer of John Dewey, I agree with Russell Kirk when he says that faulty writing reflects faulty thinking, and I am zealous to preserve the exactness of expression customarily found in NATIONAL REVIEW. I should like, therefore, to complain briefly about the ill-advised adoption of technical terms for psychiatry as in "Nuclear Schizophrenia" [Oct. 11]. The burden of the editorial is that the Executive Branch, unable to decide whether to play Horatius or Uriah Heep, keeps popping back and forth between roles. Notwithstanding vulgar usage, schizophrenia has nothing to do with multiple personality (a condition properly classified under neurotic hysteria) but denotes a disintegration of personality and deterioration of thought processes. The Executive Branch is in a bad way all right, but its condition has not yet progressed to schizophrenia. There is enough jargon invading our language from semi-literate specialties; let us not render it doubly obscure by misusing it.

Los Angeles, Calif. RICHARD de MILLE

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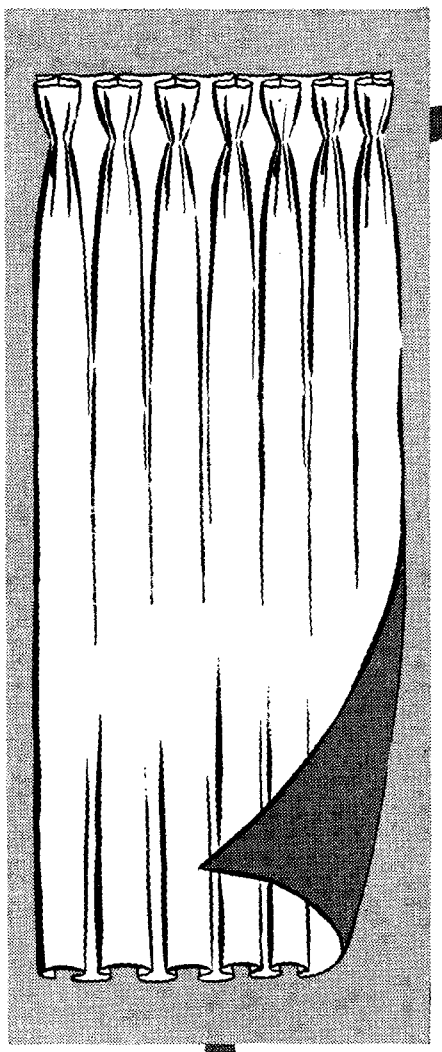

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